

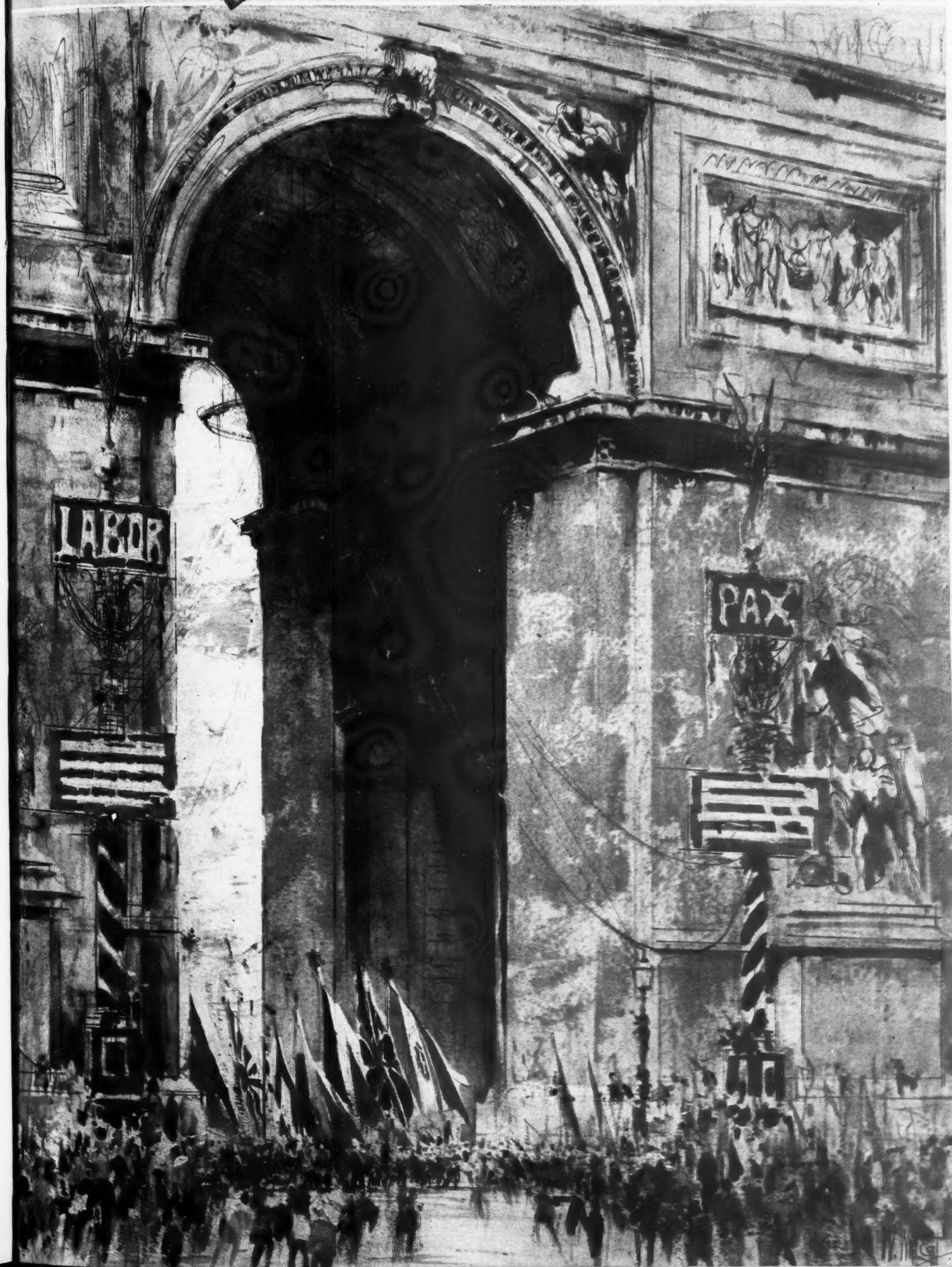
COUNTRY LIFE

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AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.

SUMMER NUMBER June 3rd 1916. 1/-

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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXIX.—No. 1013.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3rd, 1916.

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LA MARSEILLAISE.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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. We appeal to our readers to send their copies of recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE to the TROOPS AT THE FRONT. This can be done by simply handing them over the counter of any Post Office. No label, wrapper or address is needed, and no postage need be paid.

The War Office notifies that from now onward all papers posted to any neutral European country will be stopped, except those sent by publishers and newsagents who have obtained special permission from the War Office. Such permission has been granted to COUNTRY LIFE, and subscribers who send to friends in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Roumania should order copies to be despatched by the Publisher, from 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

THE FRENCH SPIRIT

GENERAL GALLIENI, whose death was announced on Saturday last, was the incarnation of that France which has proved so formidable an obstacle to the realisation of the Kaiser's "vaulting ambition." It is no new France, but the same country which from the days of chivalry onward was the embodiment of military prowess in Europe. As a youth of twenty-one he received his baptism of fire in 1870, and

those military critics who look beneath the surface know that in 1914 he gave France time which she did not get when overrun by the legions of Wilhelm I. The campaign of 1870 was too quickly over to allow France an opportunity to rally her forces. Unfortunately for the schemes of Wilhelm II, General Gallieni, then commanding the defence of Paris, was able to secure that advantage. It was an anxious moment. The seat of Government had been shifted to Bordeaux. After battering to pieces the forts of Namur and Liège the German armies (alone among the nations warned and prepared for war) had after many engagements succeeded in battering a way through to the very environs of the Capital. In the château he had looted the Crown Prince was making ready for a triumphant and spectacular entry. Neither he nor his colleagues recognised that the success was more apparent than real. Although the Allies had to retire before vastly superior forces, there was no Metz, no Sedan to break and humiliate them. The Germans had failed to destroy any army or shut it up in a fortress. The French remained full of fight, and Gallieni had taken such measures to defend Paris, and if need be counter-attack, as commended themselves to a resolute and experienced soldier. "I have received orders to defend Paris," he said, in a proclamation that has become a document of history. "That order I shall carry out to the end." His action vindicated his words. He had entrenched and fortified with military skill, and all the time gave strenuous thought to every possibility. When Von Kluck, who had been marching south on Paris, changed his direction to south-east, apparently to envelop the fifth army, General Maunoury, acting with Gallieni, started a brisk attack on his rearguards at Ourcq, Gallieni commandeering the Paris taxi-cabs in order to send to his assistance the new army he had prepared. How German progress was arrested, how the German armies fled back to their prepared defences on the Aisne, and how from that day to this they have never recovered ground again is part of a tale still in the telling.

It may be regarded as unfortunate that the great and gallant soldier should be taken away while the struggle is still proceeding. But if it be considered how great his services have been it will be more appropriate to engrave on his tomb the words, "Henceforth repose. Thy work is done." He secured for Paris and for France breathing time in which new forces could be mustered. After the Marne battle, indeed, he as Minister for War played no minor part in the development and evolution of French strength. He was a strict disciplinarian and rooter out of the slack and incompetent, but he lived to see that the valour of the young Frenchmen of to-day is not unworthy of comparison with that of their illustrious ancestry.

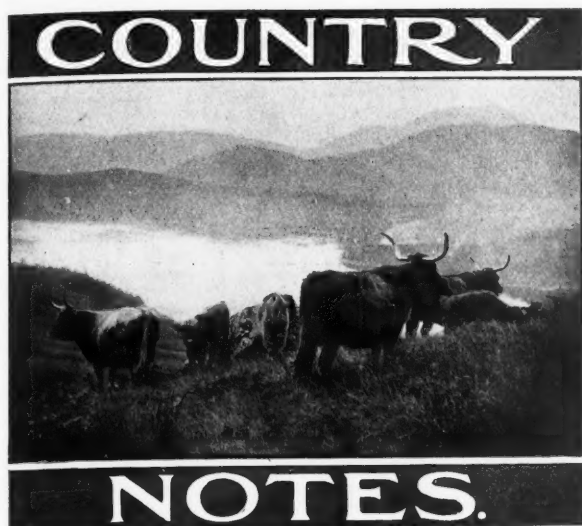
Most of all, it was satisfactory for him to recognise that he had helped to evoke the old spirit of France. He was able to say proudly in December of last year that "France, who eighteen months ago wanted peace, wants war now with her whole energy." Thus he expressed the very spirit of his countrymen. No one who has been to France recently can fail to see how gravely, almost solemnly, the war is taken. Yet there is no sign of faltering. The latest attack on Verdun has been met with the same cool, prompt resolution as the attempt to capture Paris. Gallieni's confidence in victory remained unshaken to the last. He saw that nowhere have the Germans succeeded in the ultimate object of war—the destruction of the enemy forces. The battle of the Marne gave the Allies time to "effect the effective organisation of our resources."

Peacefully and happily therefore can the *Nunc Dimittis* be sung over the grave of one whose most fitting epitaph would be "He has fought a good fight." The nation to which he was a credit is doing as he did, a sure sign of which is that whenever the occasion has demanded the services of a great man one has been found. History will ever take account of the fact that General Gallieni played a great part in making the ultimate defeat of the Kaiser inevitable.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait study of Mlle. Chenal, of the "Académie Nationale de Musique," who since war began has been singing the Marseillaise on every occasion. Her success is enormous and the people never tire of hearing her.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



EVERYBODY in this country is so full of admiration for the splendid effort which France has made in this war that it is very unnecessary to ask sympathy for our attempt to show a few of the many sides to her activity. France in armour, in full battle harness, as a matter of fact, offers a spectacle very different from that of the gay, *insouciant* figure we all love in our hours of ease. She had laid aside all that pertains to frivolity and, with bared arms, is not only holding the field gallantly against the German invader, but looking to her soldiers' needs and the management of her household. Perhaps the most eloquent tribute paid to her unity is to be found in the article on munitions which comes from the authoritative pen of Professor Paul Mantoux. French workmen are normally at least as contentious as our own, but M. Mantoux is able to say that "since the month of August, 1914, there has not been one strike among the war workers." This says at least as much for the masters as it does for the men, and shows the closeness of the combination with which the business of providing munitions is being attacked. The homely old saying that the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it may well be used in regard to the French munition factories. What corresponds to the eating is the supply of ammunition at Verdun, where our Allies are able to give back shell for shell, and here and there one over, to their foemen.

EQUAL organising capacity has been applied to their agriculture. There the able-bodied men went off to the war as a matter of course, and large numbers even of those who were too old to fight were engaged in the very important work of keeping in order the roads at the back of the front. Practically speaking, only women and children were left on the farms. They have tackled the work with the greatest courage and with admirable success. The Government, whose wish was expounded in this respect by the late General Gallieni, flung red tape to the winds and extended a very timely help in the way of supplying soldier labour and the labour of German prisoners to eke out the toil of the women and children. In consequence of all this the crops have probably suffered less in France than in any other of the belligerent countries. We do not know exactly what is happening in Germany, but there is no smoke without fire, and the rumours of increasing lack of feeding stuffs lead to the very natural inference that agriculture has had to suffer in consequence of the numbers abstracted from it to fight, to make munitions, and to perform other duties connected with warfare. These are but samples of the manner in which our great Ally has set about the tasks thrust upon her by the aggression of her brutal neighbour.

A WORD needs to be said about the French contributors whose names are not so familiar to our readers as those of English writers. To many, however, they will carry the stamp of authority, as each is very highly qualified to deal with the subject in hand. Professor Paul Mantoux is acting in England as the Delegate of the French Minister of Munitions. He is an intimate friend of M. Albert Thomas, and they are both students of the famous *Ecole Normale Supérieure*, whence have come the greater number of the eminent men who have made France illustrious; men such as Taine and Pasteur. At the outbreak of war M. Mantoux left his post as Professor of Modern French History and

Institutions at the University of London and joined his regiment. He then became interpreter with the British Army where he met with a nasty accident that nearly ended in a broken skull. By the time he recovered M. Albert Thomas had become Minister of Munitions and he appointed Professor Paul Mantoux as his representative in London. When he comes over M. Mantoux acts as his interpreter in London, and to Paris he also accompanies Mr. Lloyd George, who says he has never met a more marvellous interpreter.

CAPITAINE PHILIPPE MILLET, who writes on "How We Became Soldiers of the Republic," is the son of Ambassador René Millet, who was long a *Résident Général* in Tunis (governor). Like Professor Mantoux he is also an alumnus of the famous *Ecole Normale Supérieure*, and is a fellow of Paris University. He made a special study of Colonial questions, and before the war was Colonial Editor of *Le Temps*, the most influential paper in Paris. At the bugle-call he joined the colours as a lieutenant in a crack regiment of *Zouaves*. He was wounded at Charleroi, and after his recovery was made, on account of his perfect knowledge of the English language, an *officier de liaison* between the French and the British Armies. He saw a good deal of fighting, and his conspicuous bravery won him the French War Cross and the English Military Cross.

PROFESSOR A. SOUCHON is one of the most eminent juriconsults in France, and his colleagues in foreign countries hold his works on agricultural legislation in high esteem. His lectures at the *Faculté de Droit de Paris* are a course of the greatest importance, and also naturally most popular in a country like France where agriculture in all its branches is one of the national riches. At the same time, in his course at the *Institut Agronomique* he deals specially with questions of economic law, such as the students of this institution who are instructed in the deepest matters relating to the science of agriculture require to know. On account of the services he has rendered Professor Souchon has been elected a member of the *Académie d'Agriculture*, where he has for colleagues men who have made of the cultivation of cereals and vines, of horticulture and arboriculture a veritable science.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

Translated by O. V. Kieff.

With steps uncertain in the morning's twilight,
I groped my way to an enchanted shore,
The early dawn was striving with the starlight,
The dreams of night were dying in the daylight;
I yearned for gods to worship and adore.

And now the light of day is shining coldly,
Yet still I wander through a land unknown,
The mist has cleared; my vision pierces boldly
The far beyond; my path is steep and lonely,
And all my way with stones and rocks is sown.

Yet until night, of heaven ever dreaming,
I will move on to gain that distant shore,
Where, on the heights, the stars above it gleaming,
My temple stands, with lights of glory streaming . . .
There I can rest and will go on no more.

VLADIMIR SOLOVYOV.

M. HENRY D. DAVRAY, who has contributed an extremely interesting article on "How the War has Changed the Englishman," claims a long-standing friendship for England—so much so that he has sometimes been jocularly called "le vrai pont sur la Manche"—a bridge over which many English people have passed. When he became Foreign Editor of *Le Mercure de France*, nearly twenty years ago, he devoted constant attention in that pioneer of reviews (whose first number appeared in 1872) to what was going on in England. He himself wrote a great number of articles on English art, literature, politics and economics, introducing most of the distinguished Englishmen of the day to his French readers. He founded and still edits an edition of foreign authors, in which have appeared translations of works by George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, R. L. Stevenson, John Ruskin, H. G. Wells, Maurice Hewlett, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, and many others.

A TIMELY and wise message has been sent to this country by M. Sazonoff, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs. He makes a very clear point in stating what is an uncontroversial truth, that neither Russia nor Great Britain

entered into this conflict with any desire for territorial aggrandisement. They envied nothing which was in the possession of other Powers, and this indeed is the culminating proof, if proof were wanting, that Germany was the aggressor. However long the war may last the result of it must be, in M. Sazonoff's opinion, to draw closer together those Allies who have been fighting shoulder to shoulder. Hitherto the Central Powers have been combined against the rest of Europe. Germany dominated Austria, and therefore the two spoke with one voice. There was no combination against them until one had to be formed in self-defence, but having come into existence, this alliance is bound to continue; and the Central Powers in the future, even in the peaceable competition of industry, will find they are up against a force stronger than they can muster. This in itself is a very great victory to have been achieved by the Allies.

IRELAND has been the grave of so many political reputations that it will be dramatically interesting to learn how Mr. Lloyd George emerges from his attempt to solve the knottiest of the many knotty problems allotted to him. There is not any overwhelming reason why he should not succeed. It must be remembered that while Ireland has ruined the career of weak men, it has also given the strong an opportunity. Mr. A. J. Balfour, for instance, made his first great success in politics as Chief Secretary. Mr. Lloyd George possesses many of the qualities that should carry him victoriously through this trial. He is a man of the world, well accustomed to weigh and appraise human motives; he is very quick to catch the point of a disputant, and fertile in expedients for getting over difficulties. And he will have the moral support of all whose opinion is of value. The union, temporary though it may be, of Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson, is of good omen for the future. Now that the Home Rule Bill is actually on the Statute Book the Home-Ruler has nothing to fight for, and it should be possible to find a way to satisfy also the legitimate aspirations of Belfast. As we have insisted all along, the administration of the Land Acts is the hinge upon which successful government must turn, but, as we understand the situation, the business of Mr. Lloyd George will be only to start the machine; others will have to attend to the running of it.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S deliverance will not meet with a great deal of sympathy in Allied countries. Of the war he said: "With its causes and objects we are not concerned." It is impossible to imagine him attaining any fruitful result on these lines. There are certain fundamental facts which neither peacemakers nor anybody else can ignore. One is that Germany was the only country in the world fully armed and prepared for this war, the only one, not even excepting Austria, which refused to adopt any way out by means of negotiation, the one, too, who began operations by trampling into dust the cities and territory of a small neutral nation. Her doing so has involved sacrifices on a gigantic scale on the part of the peace-loving countries who have been involved in the struggle. In justice to the dead the Allies cannot relinquish this fight until they have destroyed every prospect of its resumption. It is the comfort of numberless families that those members of it who have fallen on the field have given their precious lives in order to procure tranquillity to those at home, to their children and to their children's children. If a compact were patched up for the mere purpose of preventing further bloodshed and without being accompanied by steps that would render the future secure from similar troubles, what comfort would there be for those who have submitted to their great losses in the hope and belief that the benefit to this nation in particular and to the civilised world in general was worth the sacrifice?

THE seizure of the Greek forts by Bulgaria looks extremely as though the enemy had once more got in the first blow. It is a great mistake on the part of certain commentators to make light of this movement. One who knows the country well describes it as being more difficult than the Gallipoli Peninsula and full of the same natural defences, of which very full advantage was taken when these forts were constructed. It is probable that many lives will have to be sacrificed before they are recovered, and it will be extremely interesting to know why they were not occupied by the Allies before the enemy had a chance of seizing them. What the action portends no one in this country appears to understand at the moment. We can scarcely believe

that the Bulgarians pursue an ambition to produce another Verdun at Salonika. It is much more likely that these forts were seized in order to cripple and restrain the movement of the Allied troops. The immediate effect has been to produce the greatest irritation on the part of the Greeks. Newspapers and flags with black borders, meetings and demonstrations, show that they are thoroughly alarmed by this hostile act, which makes it more difficult than ever for them to maintain even an appearance of neutrality.

A CURIOUS chapter in the annals of British forestry is recalled by the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel J. Russell Kerr to be Verderer of His Majesty's Forest of Dean. The duties of the office are by no means so onerous or picturesque as they were when the deer roamed the thirty-four square miles of the Forest's extent. But the last of the deer vanished in 1854, and a much more characteristic feature of the region had been its iron works and charcoal furnaces. Indeed, as early as 1688 an Act of Parliament recited the fact that the wood and timber of the Crown in the Forest had been totally destroyed. They had been turned into charcoal to smelt the iron which had been worked here by the Romans, whose half-smelted cinders lay all over the district and still yielded excellent "sow-iron." These destructive operations were very unpopular, and it was loudly contended that it would be better to make no iron in England at the expense of her ancient and beautiful forests, but to import it from Spain!

THE New Derby was run on Tuesday and was the old Derby shorn of its glory. At clubs and other places where men meet there was no mention of the famous race, no betting, not even the usual club sweepstake, and no hanging about the telegraph boards for the result. In the street something of the same indifference was exhibited. And the halfpenny papers refrained from making their usual flare. The race was remarkable only in so far as a filly won. Mr. Hulton's *Fifinella*, though not a favourite, had been well spoken of previously by the racing prophets, and her victory did not create the surprise of an outsider, neither were there very many people who could say, "I told you so." In short, there never was a less exciting Derby Day.

THE TRUMPETS OF PENTECOST.

[At Whitsuntide it was customary in the Middle Ages for trumpets to be sounded in French churches.]

In pleasant France at sunny Pentecost
Within the House of God the trumpets told
How in the rushing wind the Holy Ghost
Came on the men of old.

Then on the homeward path the children sang,
And over daisied meadows danced in white;
And echoes of the silver trumpets rang
In boyish dreams that night.

Kings with their squires to win Christ's Sepulchre
Rode forth with joy, for them the world well-lost;
On sea or in the desert they would hear
The blasts of Pentecost.

Once more in troubled France it is the spring;
And still to music march the noble host;
Through France, the deathless France, let trumpets ring
This year at Pentecost!

EDWARD SHILLITO.

THE objections which have been raised to the admission of wounded soldiers to the old Physic Garden at Chelsea appear to be reasonable, and have drawn from Mr. W. Hayes Fisher, chairman of the committee, the statement that the gardens are now in a highly scientific state of cultivation and are supplying many technical institutions with specimens. This is a much better report than many which have had to be made in the past. The Physic Garden is now the oldest of its kind in the country. It originated in 1673 in the need of the Apothecaries' Company to have a place in which to stow their processional barge. Having leased the ground they thought they might as well build a wall round it and grow some herbs. They did so, and were sorry for themselves, with intervals of hope, ever after. Financial crises were frequent, and periods of neglect caused heart-searching and scandal. However, they were finally saddled with the property in 1722, when Sir Hans Sloane conveyed

the garden to them in perpetuity, but under conditions which made it very difficult for the Company to dispose of their property. In spite of all very notable work has been done in this Chelsea herb garden, and the professors, demonstrators and gardeners who have been connected with it have included many men of high ability and character. The most famous of the gardeners was Philip Miller, author of the "Gardener's Dictionary." Linnæus paid a profitable visit to the place in 1736. Sir Joseph Banks planted the four famous cedars, of which the last has disappeared in our own time. The stormy days of the Physic Garden ended in 1902, when a large new laboratory and lecture room, with private apartments for the Principal, were erected by the Office of Works, and the future of the place as a centre of botanical culture assured. The management is now in the hands of the London Parochial Charities Trustees. But the statue of Sir Hans Sloane by Rysbrach still surveys the garden he endowed.

MISS S. MARGERY FRY'S account of the women of the battlefield would be amusing if it were not so pathetic. We do not know which to pity most. Those in the *régions*

envahies in their own land are under German surveillance and can scarcely get news through to their own kith and kin. It is to be feared that life with them is very hard, that they are kept to its bare necessities. Those on the *régions dévastées* are little better off. Many, after the Germans were driven back, were unable to identify their own homes. On the other hand, there is a touching humanity in Miss Fry's account of the characteristics which have survived misfortune; their solicitude about their linen, which one woman had collected in sets of seventy-five—seventy-five pairs of sheets, seventy-five pillow-slips, seventy-five shirts for her husband, seventy-five chemises for herself. Even wealth is often reckoned in pairs of sheets and *lits montés*. The Friends have done very fine work in re-edifying houses, providing furniture and satisfying at least the rudimentary needs of those unfortunate ones. They have even bred chickens and rabbits and the other small deer used in *la petite culture*. So that the process of regeneration has been going steadily forward. It is a work well deserving of help, and many of our readers may like to know that the Hon. Secretary of the movement is Miss A. Ruth Fry, Ethelburga House, Bishopsgate, E.C.

THE TWA WHEELUMS

I'm Sairgeant Weelum Henderson frae Pairth,
That's wha I am!
There's just ae regimint in a' the airth
That's worth a damn;
An' gin the bonniest fechter o' the lot
Ye seek to see,
Him that's the best—*whaur ilka man's a Scot*—
Speir you at me!

Gin there's a hash o' Gairmans pitten oot
By aichts an' tens,
That Wully Henderson's been thereabout
A'body kens;
Fegs-aye! Yon Weelum that's in Gairmanie,
He hadna' reckoned
Wi' Sairgint Weelum Henderson an' wi'
The Forty-Second!

Yon day we lichtit on the shores o' France,
The lassies standin'
Trod ilk on ither's taes to get the chance
To see us landin',
The besoms! O they smiled to me—an' yet
They couldna' help it.
(Mysel', I just was thinkin' foo we'd get
They Gairmans skelpit.)

I'm wearied wi' them, for it's aye the same
Whaure'er we gang,
Oor Captain thinks we've got his een to blame.
But man! he's wrang!
I winna say he's no as smairt a lad
As ye micht see
Atween twa Sawbiths—aye, he's no sae bad,
But he's no me!

Weel, let the limmers bide; their bonnie lips
Are fine an' reid,
But me an' Weelum's got to get to grips
Afore we're deid,
An' gin he thinks he hasna' met his match
He'll sune be wiser—
Here's to mysel'! Here's to the auld Black Watch!
An' damn the Kaiser!

VIOLET JACOB.



James Shaw.

"Quand elle sortait de ce sanctuaire et qu'elle revenait vers nous, ses yeux étaient mouillés, son visage plus serein et plus apaisé encore qu'à l'ordinaire. Son sourire perpétuel sur ses gracieuses lèvres avait quelque chose de plus tendre et de plus amoureux encore. On eût dit qu'elle avait déposé un fardeau de tristesse ou d'adoration, et qu'elle marchait plus légèrement à ses devoirs le reste de la journée."

LAMARTINE.



James Shaw.

Remember not, O Unknown God,
Remember not, we pray,
How all thine altars smokeless stood
In our untroubled day.

Turn from thy rest, and hear us now,
Have we not paid the price?
Our broken hearts and broken lives
We bring for sacrifice.

And on thine altars now we lay
Our bitter griefs and tears,
Shall not the expiation serve
For all the heedless years?

JOAN CAMPBELL.

JUNE IN THE WEST

IN a glorious many tinted May such as the Chaucerian poets described, it seems a very hard and cruel thing to get up a cry of no holidays. The urgent necessity for producing munitions may excuse such devotion to duty, although experience teaches that it does not do to have a bow always strung. It must be relaxed occasionally or the arrow will not fly from it. The past winter has been one of the longest and dreariest on record. It produced every imaginable form of depressing weather, from prolonged rain to a gale that for destructiveness beat all previous records. When the sun came out in May it was greeted joyously as the face of an old friend by those from whom it was hidden by the clouds and storms for many long months. Just as the earth had become temporarily barren owing to the fact that incessant rain had washed the nitrates out of it, so the human soul became dulled and futile. It urgently needs such refreshment as is supplied by a wind blowing in from the Atlantic or travelling over acres of heather and moorland. And this argument applies with double force to the children. There is no sense whatever in making their lives gloomy and joyless. In the after years it will lie on them to remove the strain of this unconscionably long war, for on generations yet unborn must fall the burden of the vast national debt which has been incurred. All the more reason why they should have a little enjoyment while it is yet to-day. And, obviously, in a choice of coasts, the west is preferable. It would be so for merely physical reasons, because there is a zest in climbing those grim barriers which front the Atlantic, such as is to be obtained nowhere else. But for reasons which need not be dwelt upon, it is much safer to be on the western side of England than on the eastern side in these times. One great advantage the west undoubtedly has over the east in the case of an early holiday; that is to say, the climate is more suitable. On the East Coast the east winds blow chill often until summer has well advanced. It is true that Charles Kingsley sang its praises and attributed to it the vigour and good constitution of Englishmen, but to the average individual its merits are not so obvious. All along that part of the coast those winds which have travelled over an icy continent as well as the North Sea blow very keenly, and the premature visitor to the seaside is apt to feel a shiver. On the west there is shelter

from the east wind in the high barriers which front the Atlantic, and the ocean breezes, softened by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, are benign and pleasant—so much so that the only complaint is about their relaxing



FOAM ON THE ATLANTIC BARRIER.



F. H. Worsley-Benison.

"ROCKS UNSCALABLE AND ROARING WATER."

Copyright.



LONG LITHE WAVES.



Graystone Bird.

FRETTED BY THE UNTIRING SEA.

Copyright.

character. But there is no reason to fear that in the first week of June, nor, indeed, as long as the wild rose is blowing on the hedgerows. Flowers, indeed, appreciate the difference most of all. They bloom earlier and they bloom longer. No one remembers a spring so radiant with pretty hues as that through which we are passing, and at Whitsuntide it is impossible to believe that they will be surrendering to the browner livery which the summer sun casts over the landscape. For modern poets have not been wrong in selecting for their highest praise the first delicious fortnight in June. It is to them what May appears to have been to the early makers. It comes with a rush of flowing sap and the force of renewal at its maximum. There is no month in the year so good for growing as leafy June.

Perhaps in consequence of this it yields the first and the finest summer holiday of the year. The first of June and not the first of May is the proper time in which to break out into the joyance of the fourteenth century monk who sang :

Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wude nu.

Nor is it too late to enjoy the bird's-nesting which those rocky coasts provide. The sea bird everywhere is later in breeding habits than the land bird. When the young of the latter are already stretching their long necks and with open mouths clamouring for food, the gulls and terns are but sitting on their eggs, even if they have done laying them. And of all the pleasures of the rocky sea coast, none excels this of bird's-nesting, if it be done from the pure delight in watching the processes of Nature and not inspired by the covetousness of him who collects. In the antics and movements of the sea birds there is plenty to watch, and incidents of various kinds are for ever occurring to amuse and interest the lonely.

For those who are wise will ever go alone on this errand. Company spoils everything : it is thought which supplies the place of communion. Especially is this to be recommended to those who at the present moment are suffering from losses caused by the war. There is comfort for them in the crooning of the wave and health in the blowing of the wind. Time, too, the great healer, is already busy alleviating and softening the first pangs of regret.

And in times such as these the solitary pleasure is always to be preferred. All of us have much reason for grave thoughts and, were it not so, a loud and boisterous bank holiday would be in very bad taste if the munition workers are giving up their relaxation for the sake of the country. The urgency of their labour is not to be contested, and the suggestion that instead of a Whitsuntide holiday they should have one in mid-July ought to prove very acceptable. But on the

principle of equal sacrifice for all, even those who are not directly engaged in Government work will do well to choose any leisure they may have at Whitsuntide for rest rather than merriment. A large proportion of the population at the present moment is feeling the effects of constant anxiety and strenuous effort, and the surest way for them to recover morale is to spend a short time, be it only a day or a week end, in seclusion at the seaside or on the moor.

THE TRENTINO FRONT

BY J. M. DODINGTON.

AFTER standing on the defensive in Trentino for about a year the Austrian forces have, as was to be expected, embarked upon a big offensive movement. At the time of Italy's entrance into the great war the Austro-Hungarian armies had their hands full (and over-full!) with that campaign on their Eastern frontier which was to have finally and for ever broken the might of Russia. Strange to say, Russia is not yet broken—on the contrary, she waxes in strength day by day—but at this period of comparative calm Austria considers that her Landsturm are capable of holding the trenches in Galicia; she has withdrawn from them and conveyed to Trentino her best fighting troops in order to launch them in a terrific onslaught upon her ancient enemy of Italy.

The advantage of the terrain is all with Austria—she saw to that when delineating her boundaries after the campaign of 1866—to her belong all those mighty mountain crests which dominate the passes from the south. Fully recognising this fact Italy has, from the hour of her entrance into the great struggle, made the recovery of the Trentino her vital object. She has won great successes amid incredible difficulties; against her has been arrayed not only Nature's all but impregnable fastnesses, but, added to these, a most elaborate system of fortifications and great batteries of huge guns which have swept every approach from the south.

Nevertheless, up the valleys of the Astico, the Brenta, the Adige, she has fought her way inch by inch. Only the other day Rovereto seemed trembling to its fall; Trent itself—Trent whose strategic importance it is impossible to over-estimate, standing as it does at the junction of the Brenner Pass to Verona with that through the Val Sugana to Venice—seemed almost within her grasp.

But Austria was not blind to the danger which menaced her. Behind the mountain chain which screened her from the enemy she was hurriedly improving her lines of communication; her railways, from Innsbruck over the Brenner Pass, from Klagenfurt up the Drave Valley, which meet at Franzensfeste, the strongest fortress in all Tyrol, and thence descend, through Bozen, down the Adige Valley to Trent and Rovereto. It is also stated that she has constructed a second strategic railway from Bozen southward. She has concentrated her huge guns—an Italian official communiqué states that on the Lavarone and Folgaria platforms alone no fewer than thirty 305mm. guns are planted, and along that battle front which stretches from the River Adige to the Sugana Valley more than two thousand cannon of every calibre thunder day and night. She has accumulated vast reserves of ammunition, she has brought up sixteen fresh divisions of infantry, among whom are her very best fighting troops, Kaiserjäger and Landeschützen for the most part, men well acquainted with the country, well officered, well trained. The whole strength of her attacking force, says the same authority, has now been ascertained to be well over three hundred thousand men.

It is not difficult to divine her object, it is easy to guess the roads which she hopes to take—the old, old roads by which she has always poured her legions down upon the fertile plains of Italy. By the Adige Valley to Verona, by the Brenta and the Val Sugana to Vicenza, Padua and Venice—such is, undoubtedly, her dream.

At the time of writing the Val Sugana advance seems to be the most propitious for her arms. Vienna claims, indeed, that its capital, Borgo, has fallen into her hands. Borgo is a picturesque old town, lying very low for those mountainous regions, being only about twelve thousand feet above sea level. Among its romantic surroundings the ruined castles of Telvana and San Pietro, perched on their rocky steepes, stand out with fine effect. The Val Sugana is extremely fertile; serried ranks of vines clothe

the lower slopes of the hills, and between their arcades all manner of vegetables and crops of grain flourish in great abundance. The summits of the hills are covered with magnificent forests of oak, chestnut and birch, and the district is rich in minerals, particularly lead and copper—though the expense of transport has caused the mines to be abandoned. From its sources here the Brenta river flows into the Adriatic, and through the valley runs the railway from Trent, by Pergine, Levico, Roncegno, Borgo and Primolano into Venetia. Not a very "long way to go" for the armies of Kaiser Franz Josef—as regards mileage—for Vicenza is but twenty-five miles from the Trentino frontier, Padua forty miles, and Venice sixty miles. But amid the precipitous mountains, along the narrow ways, through miles of rugged, barren Alpine country, with General Cadorna and his merry men astride the route, it will be a hard, hard road to travel—a road which we may confidently believe that the Austrian legions never *will* travel!

Meanwhile, during their momentary advance by the Val Sugana they seem to be securing their right flank on its rim. For in the same communiqué which claims the capture of Borgo we read that the attack against Asiago in the Sette Comuni is proceeding and that Monte Verena is already in their hands. The Sette Comuni (seven communities) is situated on a vast plateau where common ownership of the land is, for the most part, still maintained. The population of about 30,000, of whom about 2,000 belong to Asiago, the chief town, are employed in cattle raising and timber felling. Monte Verena, with an altitude of a little over six thousand feet, is about seven miles north-west of Asiago.

Looking at the matter in the light of events, so far, it would almost seem as if the Val Sugana *was* the route chosen for the great endeavour, although it was from Rovereto, down the Valley of the Adige, that the Austrians hurled their first fierce onslaught.

Rovereto, about twelve miles south of Trent, is one of the largest towns in Trentino and is one of its busiest commercial centres. Silk-worm culture is its main industry, but it has also a large tobacco factory which employs nearly two thousand hands. Its great value to Austria lies, however, in its strategic importance. From it and its surrounding valleys she has hurled masses of infantry to the attack. By weight of metal her great guns smashed the Italian defences, and after many repulses, and after suffering enormous losses, at last the summit of the Zugna Torta was won. The fighting, as described by an eye-witness, was terrific, the firing of the artillery was stupendous. Woods, forests, whole villages were on fire, and immense columns of smoke rose everywhere. The Austrians attacked in masses, moving like human waves. They made free use of poisonous gases—and at last the Zugna Torta was theirs.

The craggy steepes of Zugna Torta overlook the road to classic Verona, distant some seventeen miles from the Italian frontier, but they also command, on the other side, a road to Vicenza, and, taking into consideration the almost simultaneous attack by the Val Sugana, this may be its major importance in the eyes of the enemy. For if they could thrust through to the plains by Vicenza they would be behind the Italian army on the Isonzo, and if they could win still further through to Padua, they would completely cut off its retreat.

But these be mighty "ifs"! The Italians, contrary, perhaps, to our estimate, are, in reality, a cautious, far-sighted people. They have mobilised 5½ million troops, but they have not divided these up into "little packets," as have some of their allies who shall be nameless! They have all along realised what was their real danger zone, and, calmly biding his time, General Cadorna looks down upon Austria's frenzied effort with unruffled brow.

LITERARY FRANCE AND THE TWO CONFLICTS

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

IN the great conflict of 1870 France was defeated by an inferior but a more robust civilisation; she was defeated by her own unreadiness and her lack of competent leaders; she was defeated by the fine organisation of a ruthless machine. Germany spared nothing that could abase her prostrate victim. It was one of those victories which we learn afterwards to be the beginning of failure—the making of France, the undoing of her antagonist. After Sedan, British sympathies underwent a change; till then she had felt mistrustful of the French, she had little faith in their Emperor; besides which it had been dinned into England's ears that she also, like Germany, was Teutonic. "Germany ought to be President of Europe," said Carlyle, looking with something like scornful pity at a people which, to his mind, had evinced moral and other weakness, to him the gravest crimes. But England at large began to feel the pity without the scorn. There were more ties between the French and the British than had been guessed, and they dated from old rooted sympathies which many contests had been unable to efface. "Europe has lost a mistress and got a master," said an English diplomatist. It was a bad exchange, but more than forty years were to elapse before we realised how bad. Germany entirely believed, with her great Scottish admirer, that she ought to be President of Europe; she aspired to something even more—she coveted the presidency of the world. But there were obstacles. Austria had to be beaten first and then held tenaciously; France had to be crushed to the dust; Great Britain had to be practically effaced. At the close of 1871 two of these objects appeared to have been achieved. Austria had become rather a vassal than an ally. The condition of France appeared to be such as its worst enemy desired; yet France, by her campaign of national defence, had saved her honour and had prepared the possibilities of a great revival. Materially, that revival came more quickly than could have been expected; so much so that a few years later Germany would have been only too glad to strike again, but it is common knowledge now that England would not have watched tamely during a second attack. But the spiritual renaissance did not come so rapidly. There was a period of profound depression, during which the forces of recuperation were almost invisible.

Little need be said of the effect of the war on the older generation. Victor Hugo had hastened back to Paris in the day of her agony, and he embodied his emotions in the passionate verses of "L'Année Terrible"; Flaubert, returning to his home after the Prussians had left it, was almost heartbroken; George Sand had retained her calm optimism; Taine and Renan had been almost more alarmed and disgusted by the excesses of the Commune than by the Prussian victories. No one can say that the French, before the war, had been notable for modesty; no one can say that their trial was not the bitterest that a people can suffer. Passing through this valley of the shadow of humiliation, France became thoughtful, self-restrained, frugal; just as we now see her quiet, resolved, dignified, heroic. The best moral results did not appear at once, and the immediate effect on literature was somewhat disastrous. Poets turned aside from national dreams and aspirations to vague and formless visions of art. There came a lack of spiritual significance and a defect of ethical purpose, that must ever be fatal to the permanent value of any artistic production. The joy of the moment, the beauty that can be seen, were the refuge of young minds who inherited a defeated and threatened nationality.

The older men of the romantic period had stood closely to the most intimate affairs of their country; they had been eager champions or bitter opponents of successive national movements; like Hugo, they had usually been fiery politicians. Literature and matters of state have generally been more firmly united in France than with us; while British writers have been spokesmen of "the intellectuals," ignored or misunderstood by the crowd, in France the writer has generally spoken more intimately as of and for the people. The Prussian triumph in some measure changed all this. The people gave themselves industriously to restore and rebuild, to toil laboriously and save carefully; but the intellectual element had its own world, which in a sense became more cosmopolitan. Modern French poets have largely stood apart from the political life of their day, which in itself may have been no loss, but they also stood apart from high national ideals. That which was sometimes

known as symbolism and sometimes as decadence became a ruling influence, and in whatever artistic beauty it manifested itself, it was certainly a descent from the finer spirituality of Hugo, De Vigny, De Musset. The mysticism became almost wholly sensuous; the symbolism, such as it was, pertained chiefly to realism and naturalism. At times the result of such a culture showed itself avowedly pagan, non-moral to say the least; its flowers had the alien exotic perfume of a hothouse, stupefying the nobler instincts or lulling to the sterile lassitudes of lotus-eating. Something of a more vital impulse came from Belgium, in which were forces of a more hybrid but distinctly more human inspiration. Whatever the final estimate may be, it is impossible to regard the poetry of France during the years preceding the present war as other than transitional, and not by any means assured of its ultimate destination. It is a poetry of sensation rather than of emotion, of sentiment rather than of passion; a glorifying of the momentary and the finite, with no clear vision of anything that is eternal and infinite. *Vers libre* had brought to France a finer medium of lyricism, and so far was a clear gain; but a true enlargement of subject-matter did not come with it. May we not say the same of French fiction? It has been analytic and psychologic, but has lacked a message. The whole question of "art for art's sake" might be aroused by dwelling on this point, to little useful purpose; but at least one may safely say that art without some spiritual purpose is deprived of all her inward translucent beauty, and much of her permanence. And may we not believe that with the close of this war a new motive will have come; men will have something to write about, the inspiration of a clear purpose? For it has been seen to what certain phases of mere intellectuality can lead; it has been proved how immeasurably nobler are the aims of love, brotherhood, justice, liberty, than those of material aggression or feudal dominance. Mankind has yet to be taught, and undoubtedly a revived, rescued France will take a high place among our teachers. For the moment there is the one thing to be done; it is a time for deeds, not words, and this has been realised by those thousands of gifted Frenchmen who are now using the sword and not the pen. The intellectuals have become one with the people once more and are fighting side by side for their dearly loved country. An intolerable cloud of suspense has been endured too long; the time must come when men and women can breathe freely and fearlessly in their fields and by their firesides. For this object those who die will have done their work as nobly as those who live to celebrate the happier day. It is better to do deeds than to dream dreams; the stern realism of the battlefield may be a finer school of character than the light indulgence of sensuous imaginings, and the blood of the heroes, like the blood of martyrs, shall fertilise a grander growth. Even if they pass unnamed, they have lived their lyrics, they have acted their books.

A few words may be said of France's living poets, to whom, if they survive the struggle, we shall look for something new. Perhaps the foremost in sheer poetry is Henri de Regnier, a pure romanticist and a prince among *vers-libristes*. He linked himself to one of his most eminent predecessors by marrying a daughter of Heredia, but there is no other connection. His prevalent theme is the beauty of the human form, always a legitimate and, in sculpture, the primary motive of art; poetry, however, may easily be too greatly dominated by it, and this criticism applies to a larger part of modern French verse. Yet in a sense Regnier spiritualises the sensuous, as we see in his long lyric, "The Man and the Siren." In François Jammes there is an equal sensibility to beauty, and a more wistful pessimism, embodied in more regular rhythms. These men, together with the Belgians, have taught us that the French language can really be poetic in the highest degree, if, indeed, we needed to learn that after the writings of Hugo, De Vigny, or De Musset. In Spire there is too great an obsession of physical things; the finest poetry should deal with realities of spirit, of which the physical is never more than a type. Jean Richepin is more akin to Villon; he has been many things, vagrant, hawker, docker, actor; there is something in him that reminds us of our own W. H. Davies. Besides these there is the fine dramatist Rostand; there are Romains, Kahn, Mortier, Fort and others still—to name any seems to be casting a slight on those who must go unnamed. In most of these there has been something that appears tentative, experimental, both in matter and manner. What the future will bring can only

be dimly guessed, but we may at least foresee a deeper human message, a stronger grasp of life's realities and responsibilities, a nobler ideal of revolt from the merely selfish and self-gratifying. France, fighting for her very existence, will emerge with that existence intensified and enriched. The mandate of vindication left by 1870 is being met; the two periods join hands with one united purpose. During these years, beginning and closing with so strenuous a probation,

the nation has been clarifying her muddled waters, working out her own salvation; and we, who have a profound faith in her future, are fighting at her side for her sake as well as for our own. When the tale of the war comes to be written in its vast entirety, if that gigantic task is ever achieved, it will be seen what the literary men of France have done—how they have fought and bled not only for the ideals of a free France, but for the ideals of humanity.

THE STONECHAT

THE migratory impulse is strongly developed in most of our birds, and is probably an ancestral trait dating back beyond the time when the class *Aves* became differentiated from the more primitive inhabitants of the globe. It is still so pronounced among fishes, from which it is presumed that birds have been derived, that, great as the migrations in the air have of late years been proved to be, it seems not unlikely that they may be equalled, if they are not surpassed, by the periodical movements which take place in the oceans. An adequate supply of food is undoubtedly one of the compelling factors of migration in either case, and, bearing these facts in mind, it becomes very interesting to find a soft-billed and primarily insectivorous bird like the stonechat, all of whose near relatives are essentially migratory, developing a distinctly sedentary habit. This much at least may be said of a considerable proportion

well known bird, it seems always to have been one of very local distribution. It is the reverse of pleasing to have to acknowledge that during recent years its numbers appear to have been undergoing a steady diminution, the cause of which is not easy to understand. Its cousin, the whinchat, which, by the way, is a confirmed migrant, rarely wintering in Britain, is frequently subject to something of the same kind of fluctuation; but, unlike the stonechat, it has usually been observed to recover and, on the whole, maintain its numbers. Nesting, as it so commonly does, in hay fields, it has been supposed that the cutting over of its nests may, in certain seasons, have an adverse local effect upon it; but the same reasoning can hardly be applied to the stonechat, which more frequently prefers the protection of more broken ground, and nests so often in a furze brake that in many places it is known as the whinchat. The true whinchat, on the other



J. H. Symonds.

STRAINED RELATIONS.

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of those individuals of the species which inhabit the British Islands. For, although a number of those which breed here are undoubtedly at least partial migrants, and although the brighter plumage of a proportion of them has suggested that they may be summer visitors from more sunny climes, we have still a considerable number of stonechats that are as truly resident as any other birds that find a place upon the British list. It is, moreover, only with comparative infrequency that any are noticed or captured at our lighthouses under conditions inconsistent with the idea that they may be chiefly only passing birds, or that it is only the young members of the native stock that indulge in anything like a regular migratory movement across the seas. Perhaps even the latter supposition may be open to question.

Many of the stonechats which nest in this country do so in isolated pairs, often at very considerable distances from one another, and although a comparatively common and

hand, is often from like causes called the haychat, a cognomen much more appropriate than that generally given to it, since it is very rarely known to nest beneath or about a whin bush. Be the causes what they may, however, we have now to deplore the absence of the beautiful little stonechat from many a locality in which only a few years ago it was a regular nesting species; and to the enquiry so often suggested, "Can it have anything to do with the waning instinct to migrate?" the only answer at present possible is the Scotch-like one of "I wonder?"

Among the stonechats breeding in southern and midland England the tendency to wander away from the vicinity of the nest as soon as family cares are ended seems to be a good deal more general than in more northern habitats. About and about the Scottish border many of the old birds never go far from their chosen haunts, and may be found there summer and winter alike, be



A HAPPY FATHER—



J. H. Symonds. --AND AN INDUSTRIOUS SPOUSE. Copyright.

the weather never so severe or the conditions never so apparently inhospitable for a bird that is so obviously intended to be an insect eater. Almost invariably the young birds depart as soon as they are fully fledged and able to take care of themselves—whither they go we have as yet found no one to tell us, but little parties occasionally met with upon the coast during the cold months would seem to suggest that the migrations, of some of them at least, may not extend very far. Be that as it may, the adult birds, though they may indulge in a week or two's change in order to get the moult over, are almost certain to be back to the neighbourhood of their nesting station by the time winter has really set in, and there they defy any ordinary snowstorm. Eking out their insect diet with such worms and other creeping things as the broken moorland banks afford, they do not, in times of stress, despise grass seeds and other vegetable substances; nor, when all other sources of supply have failed, are they averse from gleaning a robin-like living from the refuse thrown from the doors of the shepherd's shealing.



J. H. Symonds.

A HEFTY MOUTHFUL.

Copyright.

Another trait in avine economy that is coming to be more generally recognised is the fact that most, if not all, of our birds pair for life, and this is, perhaps, as well illustrated by the subject of this article as by any other of our common small birds. The stonechats which winter with us invariably do so in pairs. No doubt a little closer observation would demonstrate that in this they are not peculiar; but, as already stated, the wintering stonechats in this country are so thinly distributed, while the sexes are always sufficiently distinct in plumage, that the fact that they pass their whole lives together becomes obvious even to the most casual observer. Only last winter I had an excellent opportunity of pointing this out to an ornithological friend, and the circumstances may be worth quoting for the benefit of others.

Shortly before the 12th of August, with the double object of trying to catch an early sea-trout and gratifying the desire of a keeper to show us something of the forward condition and the multitude of his grouse, we had undertaken an extended ramble over the purple moor and

located on a heathery brae overlooking the burn, we came upon a family party of stonechats. The young, no doubt a second brood, had only recently left the nest, and their anxious parents were flitting about from thistle to post with the peculiar uplifting of the wings and the constantly repeated cry of "tsack, tsack, tsack" so characteristic of the species. Their moult had not yet begun, and the black head and white collar of the father of the family, no less than his russet breast and gleaming epaulettes, were all at their brightest. Earlier in the season these rich contrasts in colour are apt to be much obscured by the dulling margins of the feathers, which only disappear with the wear and tear of constant use.

Just three months later, when the hills were wreathed in snow, and when the glen was birdless save for the grouse (then much reduced in numbers!) and an almost equally hardy water ouzel that carolled from an ice-fringed stone in mid-stream, we chanced to be again passing that way, and almost in the exact spot where they had nested there were the two old stonechats. Their young had departed



J. H. Symonds. NEXT COURSE, A CATERPILLAR. Copyright.

—who shall say whither?—and all the summer company of wheatears, pipits, and whinchats had long since betaken themselves to winter quarters in southern climes, but here still chattered *Saxicola rubicola*, demonstrating alike its hardiness and the fact that mere changed conditions, and maybe straitened circumstances, should be powerless to interfere with a life-long love.

It has already been pointed out that the winter plumage of the cock stonechat is dingy by comparison with that of summer, largely owing to the greyish margins of the feathers which obscure his brighter tints. The hen is at all seasons a model of modesty in her dressing of dull drabs and browns. In their winter plumage both sexes appear nearly black against the snow, and are almost invisible at a comparatively short distance as they flit over the dark heather. They are at this season, too, much more prone to indulge in more extended flights than can be undertaken when a nest and eggs or young chain them to one particular spot, and were it not for the "Hey! chuck, chuck," with which they greet our intrusion upon their haunts



WHERE NEXT TO FORAGE?

before betaking themselves further up the valley, their presence might be very easily overlooked.



J. H. Symonds. WITH A WHITETHROAT FOR COMPANY. Copyright.

SONS OF CONSOLATION

By J. M. DODINGTON.



THE FINE TRIO OF SPANIELS.

THOSE of us to whom circumstances have forbidden an active part in this war of nations have all, I think, some form of mind-relief to which we resort in the brief intervals of leisure from such work as our country permits us to perform on its behalf, and from the far more arduous task of watching for the postman. In my case it takes the form of companionship with my own and my neighbours' dogs. In the society of those dear friends, whether it be over the rolling downs of "Dorset dear," upon the Sussex wolds, or in that wild northland "of the mountain and the flood," their silent sympathy never fails. True sons—and daughters—of consolation are they.

The four-footed comforters whose portraits are given in these pages hail, one and all, from the country immortalised by the pen of the great Wizard of the North. Heavens, how it rained when I last drove from Callander through "the Trossachs' hallowed glen"! The clouds lay low upon Bed Ledi's mighty flanks, the surface of Loch Vennachar glimmered through the white mist like a sheet of darkest polished steel. But the shaggy herds of dun-coloured Highland cattle cropped the wiry herbage among the heather absolutely unmoved—what to them the pelting torrent which stung

the Sassenach's cheeks and streamed down, icy cold, behind his collar!

During all that day, during all the night which followed it the floods descended; but next morning the golden sunlight of the North was once more pouring down upon a clean-washed world.

"How the rain brings out the glorious colouring!" I said to myself as my dog-cart ascended the long, winding ribbon of white road which leads from the shores of lovely Loch Achray over the crest of the surrounding hills to "the clachan of Aberfoyle." (Clachan, alas, no longer, but a congerie of modern shops and modern villas, ministered to by a most modern line of rail.)

The rose coloured aiguilles of Ben A'an rose out of the emerald green woods which fringed the banks of the little loch whose waters shone blue as those of the Côte d'Azur itself; on every hand spread sheets of glowing purple heather. Upward we climbed, the fragrance of wild thyme, of birch and bog myrtle borne to our ravished nostrils upon the milk-soft southern breeze. Onward and upward over the crest of the great hills, then downward again, downward and onward to the object of our quest.

And here the human element retires to make way for the real *dramatis personæ* of this sketch: that noble setter with its wise little



W. Reid.

THE SETTER WITH ITS WISE LITTLE COMPANION.

Copyright.



THE SAVING OF MANY A WEARY STEP.



W. Reid.

IN THE HEART OF THE HILLS.

Copyright.

terrier companion; the fine trio of spaniels, clumber in centre with cockers on either hand; the terriers mounted upon the higher steps of the stile that crosses the wire fence. Unfortunately space forbids the inclusion of their picture. Ah, the vulpicides! Many a little red rover have they helped to account for during the sweet springtime! Well, well! what must be, must, I suppose. In a country inaccessible to horse and hound the arch-enemy of new-born lambs must be done to death somehow or other. . . . But it seems a pity.

A more seemly quarry is that of the famous company who wait upon the heathery knoll above Loch Ard, behind whose silver sheet rise the ranges of purple mountains that end in the rounded summit of Ben Lomond. With eyes of more than human intelligence they watch the *chasse au grouse* on the opposite slope. "Ah, when will my turn come," says each dog among them.

Or those quackers from the bosom of the same fair loch. "Alone I fetched 'em, everyone," says the spaniel who keeps watch and ward over the glossy corpses of the slain.

Or the bunnies hung over the "horse" to cool. "After all, for real sport give us rabbits! A-ow, the entrancing odour!" So the two companions of the chase gloat over the memory of this recent joy and dream of more to follow.

Happy the man who possesses such sons and daughters of consolation as these! In this case the fortunate individual is



"AFTER ALL FOR REAL SPORT GIVE US RABBITS."

Mr. W. Joynson of The Glassart, Aberfoyle.

It is not a very far cry from the famous clachan to Stronachlachar at the farther end of fair Loch Katrine—but one can get most prodigiously wet during the transit! I had barely embarked upon the little steamer which was to carry me through scenes of such unrivalled beauty when again the heavens opened and

the torrents descended. The clouds drifted across the flanks of the softly wooded promontories, which, one after another, dip down into the lake; "fair Ellen's isle" loomed darkly through its curtain of mist. But even under these adverse circumstances it was lovely, exceedingly—and, heedless of the lashing streams, I stood upon the deck lost in admiration of the matchless panorama unrolling itself before my eyes. All too soon we reached our destination.

Wet to the buff, chilled to the bone, I stepped out stiffly upon the little quay, and, entering the palatial hostelry which stood near by, voiced a timid request for a small brandy and soda. Its potent nectar sent a comforting thrill throughout my frozen veins, but the chill seized upon me again—and with threefold force!—when the rosy-cheeked Highland Hebe who had ministered to my wants murmured sweetly: "It will be chust two shillin's and sixpence, *iff ye please, sirr.*" . . .

"Och, well, sirr," said the driver of my dog-cart, to whom I subsequently expressed my opinion of the value which



the — Hotel set upon its wares, regarding me with a most unsympathetic eye, "there will no be a menny persons that will be askin' here for sich foreign stuff, whateffer. A wee drappie off Talisker or off Glenlivet would haf been far more like the thing, an' far, far better for the stomach, moreoffer."

But to return once more to the rightful *dramatis personæ*. Upon the breezy knoll they take their station, behind them the glimmering waters of Loch Tinker, that tiny, peat-coloured tarn, set high in the heart of the everlasting hills; the misty shimmer of Loch Katrine fills in the glorious background. Pointer, setter, spaniel—truly a noble group of comforters!

As if to make amends for past misdeeds it was a day of Scotland's very fairest which saw me roaming upon the bonny "Braes o' Balquhiddie." The sun shone down in unclouded splendour upon purple mountain and silver stream, upon the placid bosom of Loch Voil, upon the gillies pushing out from its reed-fringed margin with intent to ferry across to its farther shore the dogs belonging to Mr. Carnegie of

Stronvar. For long, long days among the heather are trying to even the most enduring bodies and the most hardened feet. And to cross, instead of to round, Loch Voil means the saving of many a weary step. Indeed, all dogs of the Western Highlands are from their youth up habituated to this mode of transit. Sea-lochs are so far penetrating, land-lochs are so numerous that the cart of other regions is here replaced by the coble, and at the creak of the oars in their rowlocks our Northern comforters prick their ears eagerly forward and whine with joy, just as do their *confrères* of Dorset at the scrunch of the cartwheels upon the gravel of their yard.

Sons and Daughters of Consolation are ye all. May ye never be as your brothers and sisters of that once fair land across the heaving waters of the Channel! May ye never wander, desolate, forsaken, starving, among roofless homes lit up by the star-shells of the destroyer, amid shattered tree-stumps standing out, stark and grim against the flaming sky!



FRANCE IN BATTLE HARNESS



THIS Summer Number is published with a consciousness that it comes out at the most supreme moment in the history of the world. Often before have the forces of barbarism been arrayed against civilisation, but on no previous occasion in such formidable strength or so inexorably intent on crushing progress and freedom, never so callously indifferent to the right to live of those small nations which are unable to marshal big battalions for their defence. At one time we hoped to make this number a tribute to all the nations who are allied to withstand Germany's cruel and arrogant design, but the limits of space are inflexible and to do anything like justice to Russia will require a special number. So with gallant Italy, to whom British sympathy flows as freely as it has ever done at any critical stage in her modern evolution.

France, our friend, neighbour and faithful Ally, comes first because hers for the time being is the most arresting and dramatic figure. Over her fair lands, from Nieuport in Flanders to the Swiss border, stretches a line of battle largely held by British troops. At Verdun is raging the longest and fiercest battle of history. Now has come her opportunity to take vengeance for the sufferings of 1870 and the recurrent bullying and indignities to which she has since been exposed. Nobly has she risen to the occasion. There are many fine pictures in this number, but the finest is that not made with hands, but unconsciously painted for the imagination by writers who, dealing with the varied aspects of this heroic and high-strung nation, combine to give an unexcelled representation of France in battle harness. Captain Millet, who writes of the men with whom he has fought side by side and with whom his own blood has been shed, depicts the manner in which the first exaltation born of high enthusiasm and love of country has settled into a cold, iron and invincible determination. General Pétain at Verdun in the first weeks of the struggle was typical of his countrymen. With coolness nothing could disturb, with courage so perfect that it seemed effortless, he rallied his troops and organised defence, confiding not on the brilliant charges for which the French army is celebrated, but on the steadiness, tenacity and resolution which make the young French soldier of to-day as staunch as the best of Napoleon's war-worn veterans.

And the French fleet, though, like our own, compelled by the skulking tactics of an enemy whose cardinal principle is to avoid a naval battle to confine itself largely to patrol and convoy duties, has not failed when opportunity presented itself, as in the Dardanelles, to show a skill and valour that won the admiration of our own bluejackets and proved its worthiness of an equal place with the Army.

Of the Frenchwoman it is difficult to write without lyrical eulogy. A famous writer once bewailed that it is now as it was of old, when Hector, tamer of horses, went forth in fighting gear to meet the enemy, but Andromache had to bide within her tent minding the children, inactive, suffering the torture of anxiety. Not so the women of

France. They are, as our illustrations show, not waiting idly in the marketplace, but courageously engaged in work that helps to win the war. They have, as Professor Mantoux tells, manned the shops of M. Thomas, the head armourer of France, as Mr. Lloyd George is the armourer of Britain.

The task to be accomplished was very much the same as that which confronted all the belligerent countries with the exception of Austria, which alone had foreseen that the war would be one of big explosive shells and guns to suit them. Even Germany was at sea, and her efforts to supply great cannon probably dated from the battle of the Marne. Professor Mantoux unrolls a remarkable story of the way in which a nation, crippled by the loss of industrial forces and with the enemy still at the gate, summoned up energy and resolution to make so splendid an effort to supply her army with munitions.

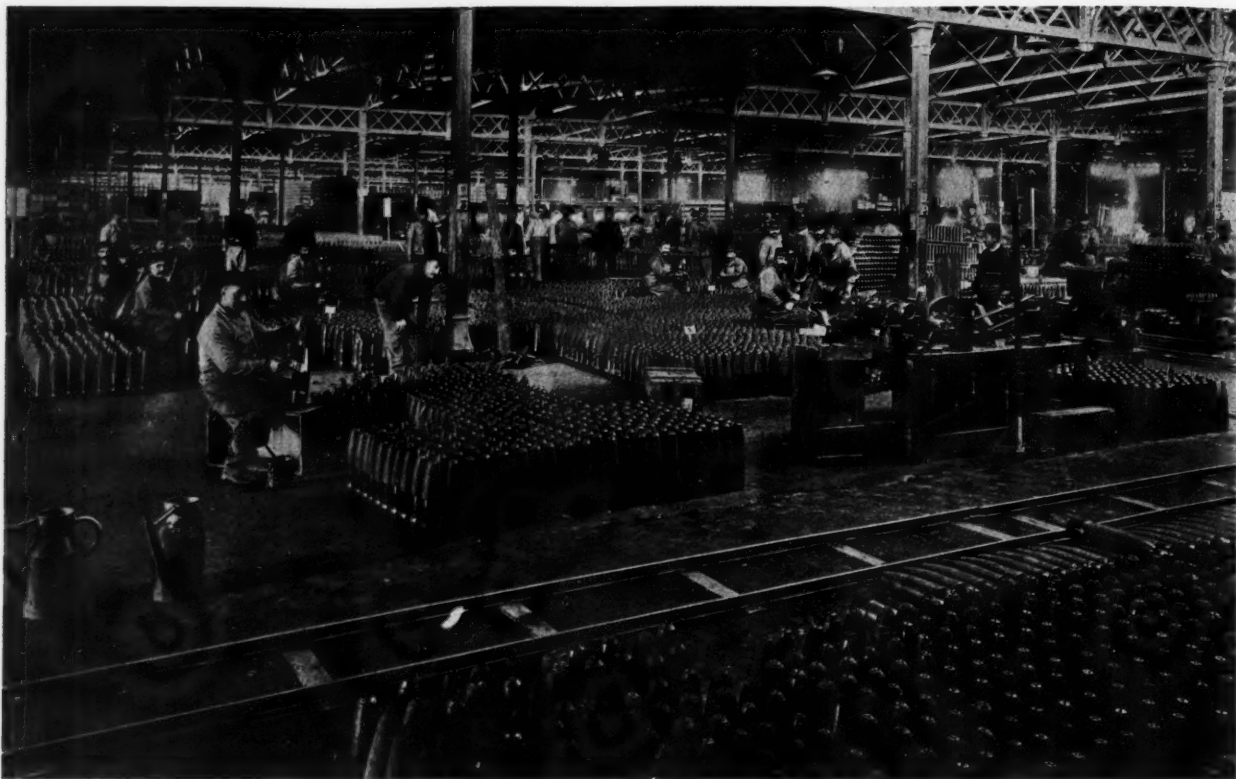
Professor Souchon has an equally stirring story to tell of the manner in which the rural population of France rallied to the work of agriculture. Much that he says will be new to our readers, particularly the dependence, increasing of recent years, of the French cultivators on migrant labour. The great problem of rural France has been due to the decreasing birth rate. There were even years, says the Professor, when the birth rate did not equal the death rate. At the same time the industrialism of the towns was making a potent call on the villager. Professor Souchon uses an apt phrase, "la ville tentaculaire"—the tentacles referred to being higher wages, more opportunities for pleasure, greater scope for energy. These were producing a rural exodus in France not unlike that which we have experienced in England. Every year some forty thousand Belgian labourers had to be imported to the north of France and the neighbourhood of Paris to help the farmers with their work. Other districts employed Polish labour; and in certain parts of Hérault and Gard there were complete colonies of Spaniards. Thus when the men were called to the colours the difficulties of France might well have been deemed insurmountable. But courage and high spirits will overcome anything, and harvests have been gathered, seed has been sown and the general work of agriculture carried on with far greater success than could have been expected.

It is part of that rousing up of the French nation which has made heroes of all. There is no department of activity which has not been intensified and strengthened by the call to defend *la Patrie*. It is needless for us to say more. Readers will read for themselves in the authoritative articles which we have the privilege to publish of the splendid effort France has made in every direction and how she has indeed become a nation in battle harness—the men armed for battle and the women and children playing the part of esquires and pages to assist in feeding, clothing and arming them.

THE INDUSTRIAL EFFORT OF FRANCE

By PROFESSOR PAUL MANTOUX.

These photographs are published by the courtesy of the Service photographique de l'Armée.



PAINTING SHELLS.

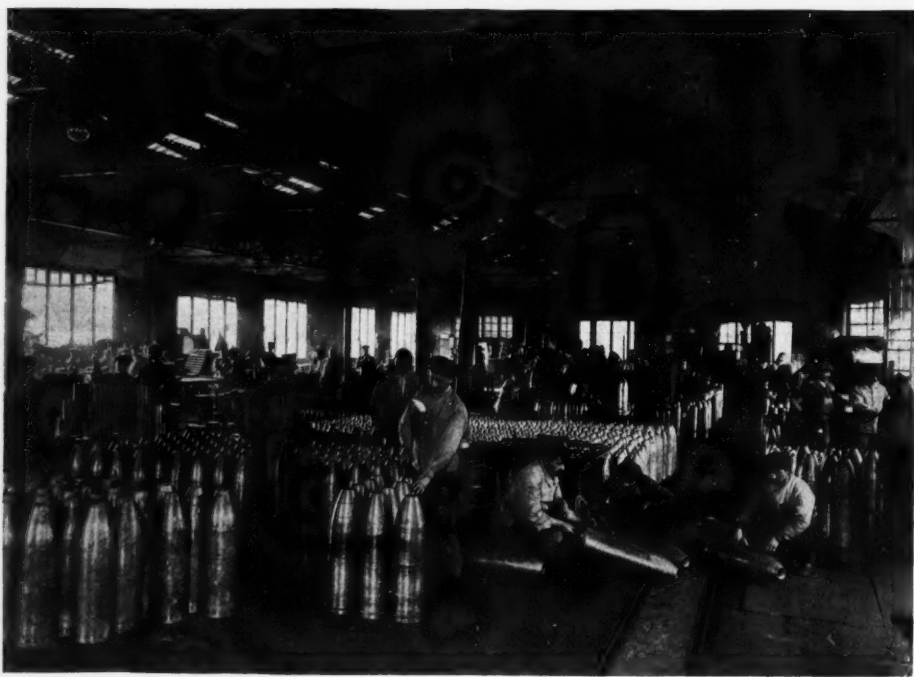
THE great military part played by France has distracted the attention of the world from that indispensable adjunct to defence and victory—her industrial effort. To appreciate this effort at its true value it is necessary to realise the condition of French munitions at the beginning of the war. In August, 1914, the French army had enough rifles to equip its millions of men. It was provided, too, with excellent field artillery—its “75” is and will remain one of the great conquerors in the present war. But heavy artillery was lacking. Six recently formed regiments supplied with guns of a calibre corresponding to the least among the German heavies would not have been able to compete against the formidable equipment of the enemy, and the guns borrowed, whether from the parks of siege artillery or from the coast defences, were not enough to make good the dangerous deficiency. There were very few machine-guns—two only to a battalion—and the h a v o c

wrought in the first engagements by those with which the Germans were liberally provided revealed to us by sad experience how much advantage this terrible weapon gives.

Another revelation—which also seems to have surprised the Germans themselves—was the enormous quantity of munitions demanded by the new conditions of war, above all of high explosive shells, the only type that can be effectively employed against the shelters and other defences of trench warfare.

To meet the needs so suddenly realised after the tragedy of the first few days, needs which far surpassed all previous

forecasts, unhappily only a limited portion of our normal resources were available. At the outbreak of war France was by way of becoming one of the great iron producing countries of the world. The development of the mines of Meurthe-et-Moselle, closely connected with those of Lorraine and of Luxembourg, had progressed so rapidly that in twenty

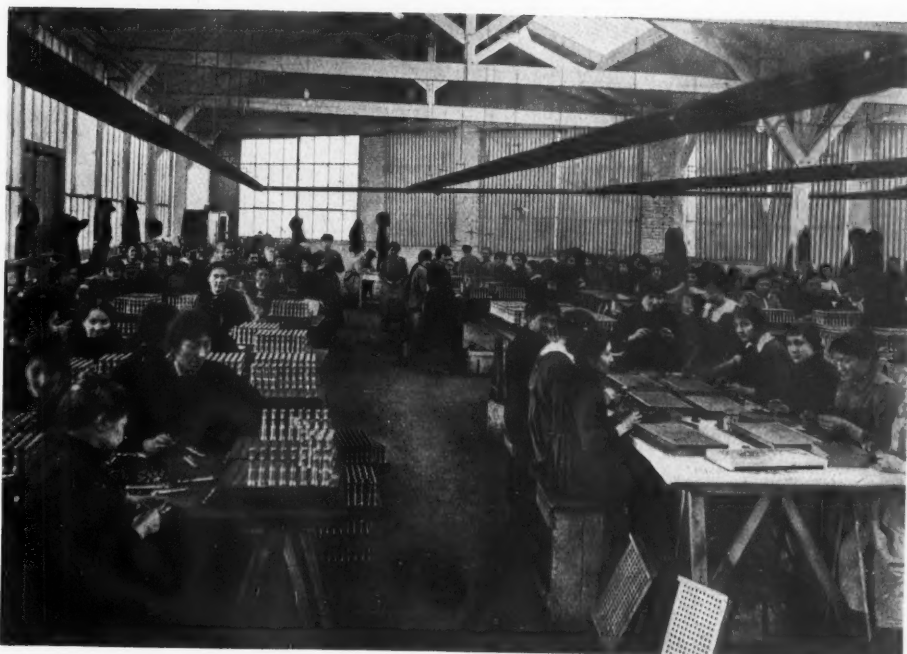


TESTING SHELLS.

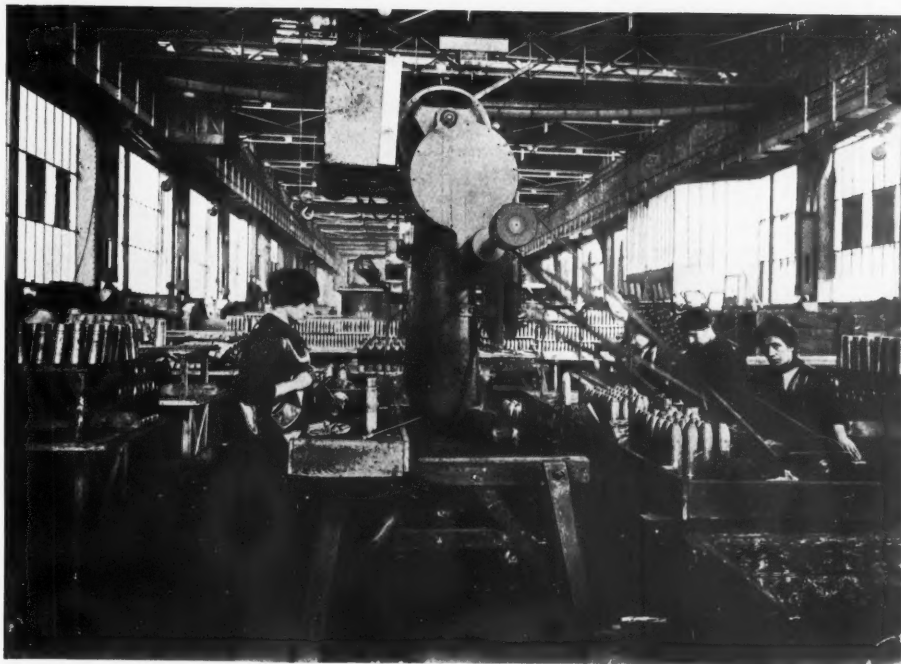
years the output had risen from 3,000,000 to 20,000,000 tons, and the great coal measures of Normandy and Algeria were promising splendidly for the years to come. By occupying the Briey mining district from the outset the Germans cut off four-fifths of the ore and the blast furnaces. By seizing Valenciennes and Lens they robbed a country, which even in normal times is obliged to buy a great deal of coal abroad, of three quarters of the output of her own mines. Labour also was depleted, since the military authorities, for want of having foreseen the exigencies of this unprecedented war, had called up all the eligible men. It was under conditions like these that industrial France set herself to work.

She did so without delay. As early as October, 1914, the General Staff drew up a munition-making programme which, although it has been surpassed since, then seemed impossible—if, as Napoleon said, "impossible" were a French word. The Minister of War, M. Millebrand, immediately began to mobilise and organise the resources of the country, addressing himself especially to the heads of large businesses, and entrusting them in certain districts with a sort of dictatorship. But the great organiser of the industrial victory is M. Albert Thomas, the young Socialist Deputy who, at first an active helper, soon an indispensable one, and since the end of May, 1915, Minister of Munitions under the modest style of Under-Secretary of State for War, has known how to bring out initiative, stimulate energy, increase ways and means, and, in fact, obtain scarcely credible results under the most difficult conditions.

If he has been able to do so, it must be said that it is thanks primarily to the mastership of the seas assured to the Allies by their fleets, and, above all, by the British Fleet. She has been able to baffle the calculations of the Germans, who thought that they were going to hold France, deprived of both iron and coal, at their mercy. But the coal and its derivatives which are indispensable for the manufacture of explosives have come from England; from England again and the United States have come the iron and steel, and great quantities of machinery of all kinds; from the rest of the world open to our trade other



MOUNTING FUSES.



SHELL FINISHING.



SOLDERING THE WINGS OF BOMBS.

WOMEN ARMOURERS AT WORK.

indispensable raw materials, such as rare metals, like manganese and tungsten, which are essential for the manufacture of shell and high-speed steel. Out of the soil of France itself new resources have sprung: we now turn to it for ferro-silicon, worked by hydro-electric power from the Alps,

men whose knowledge and training meet and combine against the enemy, every available force is being more and more used for the common benefit of the two countries.

This fruitful co-operation has enabled French engineers and French workmen to display all their native qualities.

It is not the part of a Frenchman to boast of them. It is sufficient to recall their technical education founded on the tested methods of the Ecole Polytechnique and the Ecole Centrale; their versatility, the readiness with which they transformed and adapted themselves to unforeseen circumstances; and, lastly, the instant and imperative consciousness of the exigencies of war taught to the whole nation by repeated trials, and renewed by the hard experience of invasion. A certain number of establishments were no doubt prepared for their task: the arms and munition factories, which the State had to maintain in times of peace with a view to the needs of a great army; and also some firms known all over the world, such as Creusot and Saint-Chamond. But their output, although enormously increased, had proved insufficient. All the engineering firms, manufac-

turers of motors, of railway material, of agricultural machinery—everyone who possessed a lathe or a press was enrolled and put to work. Paris, Lyons, Nantes and ten other towns became great arsenals. The manufacturers rivalled each other in activity. Thus a house which before the war owed its celebrity to the manufacture of expensive motor cars now employs 15,000 workmen to make shells and aeroplane engines; and so the maker of gear in the space of three months has equipped workshops which turn out about a thousand shells an hour. Mr. Lloyd George, during his last visit to Paris, visited one of those works, and was so much impressed that he said he had not yet seen such order, method and efficiency in any other place.

The labour problem, if not the same as in England, was even more acute. Since all the men under the age of forty-eight were not only mobilised but, with rare exceptions, called to the colours, it was necessary to find many hundreds of thousands of hands for the workshops. The employment of women has been enormously developed and is still increasing, a transformation that is helped by the relatively high wages which lessen some of the hardships of war to a certain extent. Nearly everywhere they work day and night. For many months they have toiled without stopping, and without holidays of any kind; but it is now considered imperative to give them one day a week for rest, or at least one a fortnight, so as not to exhaust energies which were but too willing to spend themselves most lavishly. A well organised service of inspection and control ensures the prompt

settlement of disputes, which, too, are rendered rare by mutual good will. Since the month of August, 1914, there has not been one strike among the war workers.

Those who never knew Paris except as a city of refinement and elegance, of artists and milliners, should now visit her



TESTING THE "155" SHELLS.

for aluminium, for certain kinds of wood, and for glass. The close co-operation of the Allies, which is the condition and guarantee of their final victory, has never been so complete and successful as between the two munitions departments of England and France. Mr. Lloyd George and his French colleague have been for many months working together in perfect mutual confidence and friendship, without any other wish than for a united effort towards a common end. If, in the conferences which have taken place from time to time, it has not always been possible to satisfy all the demands from both sides, it is only because material resources, however great, must be limited, and cannot be increased at a moment's notice. Not only material things,



A SHELL DEPOT.

Arranging a batch for sending out.

but suggestions, inventions, methods, have been and are more and more freely exchanged between France and Great Britain. French experts have visited this country and British experts France. From the ships which uninterruptedly cross the Channel, laden with steel and coal, to the

thousands of workshops, great and small, in which work never stops. According to a recent statement by the French Minister of Munitions the output of empty shell of 75mm., represented, we will suppose, during the first month of the war by the figure 1, had risen in May, 1915, to 14; by December 31st, 1915, to 29; and by February 1st, 1916, to 30.5;

empty shell of more than 75mm. diameter had risen successively from 1 to 8.5, to 35, and 44; explosive-making in the State workshops has risen from 1 to 2.8, and in private establishments from 1 to 23.3; that of guns of 75mm. from 1 to 23. As for heavy guns and howitzers, their total numbers have multiplied by twenty-three since the beginning of the war. Even after three months of battle before Verdun France has huge reserves of munitions of every calibre. She is equipped with the heavy artillery which she lacked when war broke out and is increasing it continuously.



LOADING UP CANNON.

And not only is France able to supply all her own needs with the exception of raw materials and a part of the equipment; she is also able to help her Allies very efficaciously. She has sent them hundreds of thousands of rifles, millions of rounds of rifle ammunition, artillery (especially mountain guns and anti-aircraft guns), shells,

aeroplanes, motors, etc. The Serbian Army, so sorely tried in its retreat, took the field again with a full equipment of arms and munitions supplied by France. This vigour, this promptitude on the part of industrial enterprise in France has perhaps been one of the biggest of the surprises which have arisen to baffle the calculations of the enemy. He knew that the French were capable of fighting; but he did not think their industrial forces were capable of a like effort and a like success on the morrow of, and under the shock of, invasion. This is, contrary to the German plans, a second battle of the Marne.

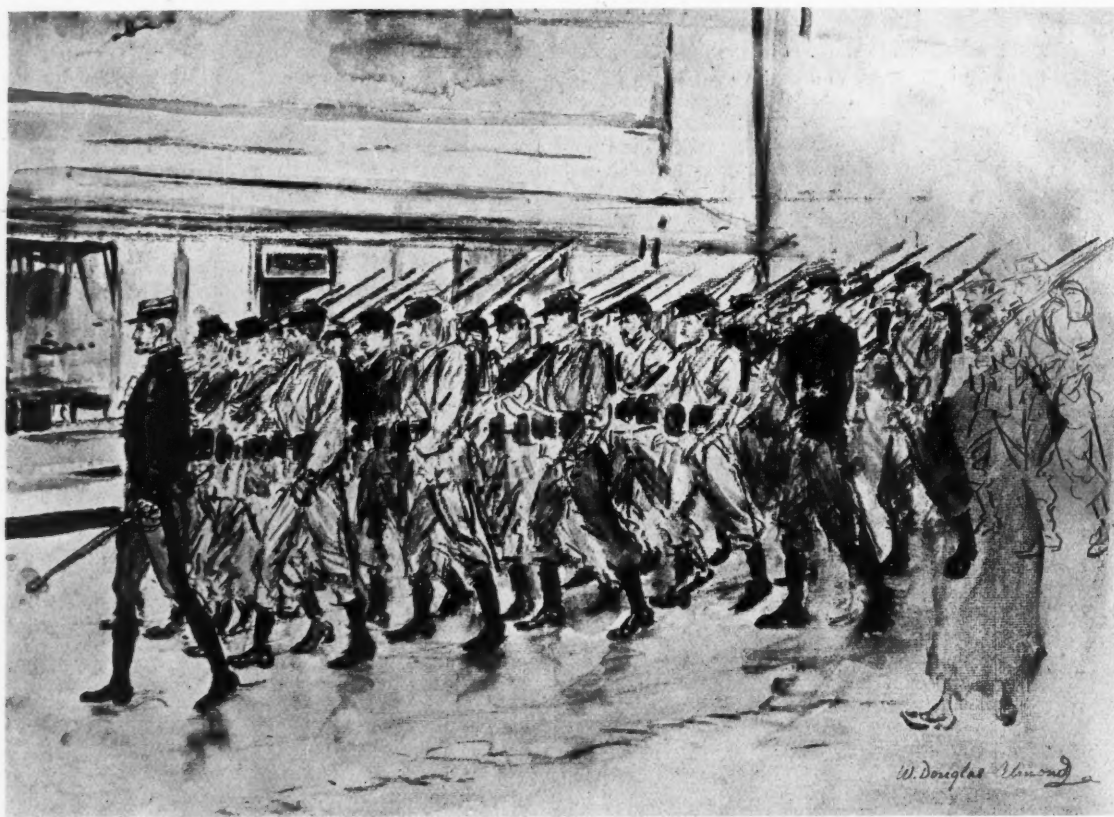


A MUNITION DEPOT IN THE REGION OF VERDUN.

HOW WE BECAME SOLDIERS OF THE REPUBLIC

BY PHILIPPE MILLET.

THE illustrations shown in this article are reproduced from a most interesting exhibition at the Leicester Galleries of pictures by the late Mr. Douglas Almond, R.I. About fifty of them are on exhibition under the title "Brittany in War-time." Mr. Douglas Almond, always a great lover of France, and especially of this corner of France—this ancient Armorica linked to our own island by the ties of race, of legend and of tradition, and now happily knit in a still closer union—has found amid these congenial surroundings subjects most fortunately suited to his temperament and his methods. It is a pathetic enough fact that in the origin of the artist's triumph should be found the cause of his comparatively early death. Having contracted a chill while on special constable duty, the artist was ordered to France in the hope that the gentler climate would enable him to recover. The hope proved unavailing, but these drawings executed during the last twelve months of his life show with his declining health a strange freshening and renewing of his artistic powers. His abilities were quickened by the sight of the busy harbours and market-places of Douarnenez, of Quimper and of Pont Aven. He became keenly interested in the bourgeois life of the streets and cafés, and perhaps chiefly in the picturesque side of the newly vitalised military elements. The artist's most favoured method, one he was always enthusiastic about, was to work with brightly coloured pastels of rather hard consistency upon a groundwork or sketch of black crayon or carbon pencil, which he refrained from rubbing or blending together, so as to leave the effect free and spontaneous. Sometimes he varied this method by the use of a charcoal basis heightened with vivid washes of water-colour. It is quite evident that he worked in both ways with gusto and enjoyment. Some of the single figure studies are extremely delightful. Take, for instance, "Le Tambour—En avant!" an almost statuesque and defiant young Breton, a personification of war, almost a deification, a soldier triumphant, drumming to victory. "Soldiers Marching," a frieze-like arrangement, so well conveys the sense of onward movement that one can almost feel the regular beat and pulsing swing of the march. Other interesting drawings are "Le Lavoir—Douarnenez," of which there are two versions, "Hôtel de l'Épée," "Jour de Marché—Pont Aven," "Lion d'Or—Quimper," "Une Buvette—Douarnenez," full of life, and from its gesticulating figures indicating the beginning of a very promising tavern brawl. "Les Conscriptionnaires" is an interesting study in native costume and character. The exhibition will richly repay a visit.—Ed.]



SOLDIERS MARCHING.

From a painting by the late W. Douglas Almond, R.I., exhibited at the Leicester Gallery.

REMEMBER vividly my feelings during the first days of August, 1914. As soon as the decree ordering the general mobilisation was posted on the walls I had put on my uniform of a lieutenant in one of our crack regiments—a regiment of which I am justly proud—and had rushed to the barracks. My chief anxiety was to know how the men would stand it. Like many other of my fellow officers I was modestly thinking that I was belonging to the *élite* of the country, and wondering whether the rank and file would show the same spirit. Half of the men of my battalion were married. How would they bear being ruthlessly parted from their dearest ones? How would they behave under fire? Never before in the whole history of France had the nation been asked to make such a sacrifice at a moment's notice. I believed in my generous heart I would have to strain every nerve in order to buck up the courage of my men. You see, we, the patriotic *bourgeois*, were innocently considering ourselves better than the sons of the people. Fortunately, I was soon relieved of my chivalrous trouble,

for the very first private I met at the entrance of the fort—a shabby reservist with an empty bottle in his hand—told me with a broad smile: "Le cœur y est, mon lieutenant" (our heart is in it). Then, showing the delightful landscape, one of the prettiest in our Ile de France, he added: "We cannot allow these swine to take this."

They were all in the same mood. The married ones would declare, half laughing, half serious, that they wanted to beat the Boches once for all, so that, after this war, their little ones might go undisturbed to the cinema. Only one little incident occurred between the men and one of the N.C.O.s whose military manners they resented. I managed to settle the difficulty by making an appeal to the feelings of both parties.

Then we departed and were soon marching into Belgium, and the dance began. Those who have not been in our ranks during the first weeks of the war will never realise what an extraordinary feeling of elation we all experienced, from the humblest private to the officer of the highest rank. It must have been very much the same in 1793, when the

nation in arms rushed for the first time to the same borders. We did not use any big words between ourselves, but we all felt we were going to die for the same object as our fathers did over a hundred years ago; a kind of silent brotherhood united men and officers. I had only to look at my own men to guess that they were feeling at times the same secret pang as myself at the thought of those from whom we had had to tear ourselves away so suddenly. We were, nevertheless, very cheerful, for nothing makes the heart as light as the consciousness of having deliberately made the sacrifice of one's life. Above all, we were all under the quaint impression that the whole thing was unreal, and even after we had seen at night the first villages in flames and knew that the Huns were once more at work in our plains, even when we heard the first bullets and saw the first fellows fall at our side we were all like men marching and fighting in a dream.

It was then that I discovered that our men had a big heart. One of them was severely wounded during our first encounter with the enemy. The fellow had a young wife and was soon to be a father. I still hear and see him when he said with a look never to be forgotten: "Mon lieutenant, do not write to my people."

This, however, was only the mystical phase of the war. When trench warfare set in and we grew accustomed to this new way of living and dying the spirit changed and became more prosaic. The change was not for the worse. While we had more enthusiasm during the first weeks we did not have the same steadiness. After so many months' hard fighting there is no harm in confessing that some of our troops had allowed themselves at first to be badly surprised by the thing called fire. The night after our first battle I met an officer belonging to another regiment. "I am afraid,"

he told me, "our men are not as good as yours; they will stand the fire for a certain number of hours and then they give way." I met him again fifteen months after and we laughed together over his first impressions, for his own regiment is now one of the best of the army. The fact is, most of our fellows had to learn the trade. It did not take them a very long time before they began to look at the war

as they still look at it to-day. To put it briefly, they fight in exactly the same disposition of mind as they used to toil in the workshop or on the fields. The generous writer who describes them as being eager to assault the enemy and as shouting Napoleonic hoo-rays when they have to leave the trench are simply showing that they ignore the war. Our soldiers will attack and do their best every time they are asked to do so; they have proved at Verdun that they can do it even better than the Germans, but they do these things as a rule without any display of excitement; they know too well that it is an unpleasant sort of job, only they feel they must put up with these unwelcome trials until the Huns are definitely beaten, and they attend to their work with as much cheerfulness as they can.

This does not mean, however, that the best part of the spirit of the first hour has vanished. We have become less emotional and speak less of 1793, but the feeling of brotherhood is still there, and it is even deeper than it was at first. Twenty-two months of common suffering

have bound the officer to his men in a way that can only be realised by those who have lived in the trenches. I talked quite recently to a young private of twenty-four who had just been through some awful slaughter in which his company had had to attack several times and had lost heavily. He did not enjoy his experience. "All the same," he said, in a quiet way, "we all in the company would do it again,



LE TAMBOUR—EN AVANT !



WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE STREET—DOUARNENEZ.

From paintings by the late W. Douglas Almond, R.I., exhibited at the Leicester Gallery.

for our lieutenant is a fine fellow and we all trust him." I remember another case, that of a little peasant, a harmless, dull, innocent creature, who had gone through the whole war in a chasseur battalion without ever being hurt. He was eventually hit, and very badly too. The captain came and tried to comfort him. "I know that I am done, mon capitaine," he said. "I am not the first, I will not be the last. I want you, if you please, to kiss me, mon capitaine."

Perhaps I like even more the relations that obtain generally between old and young among the rank and file. For, as you know, we have many grey-bearded men in our trenches, whom we call "territorials." We spare them as much as we can, but, of course, they are to be found almost everywhere, even at Verdun. The young ones feel very much for them. "After all it is unfair," said one to me, "that the old fellows should have to bear this; it would be better that we, the young ones, should do the whole job, for at twenty-two a man can stand anything." "Of course," he added, with a little laugh, "it's not very pleasant for us either; but even if it makes us ten years older, we, at any rate, have no right to complain." The old ones, on their side, display towards the young a kindness of feeling that is only explained by the fact that many have their own sons in the army. I remember a night last winter, when several old *pères de famille* volunteered to pull out of the mud and carry on their backs a whole bunch of young soldiers who had got stuck in the communication trenches while trying to relieve another unit.

The historians of the future will, I think, lay stress upon this fraternal feeling which is, has been, and will be the striking feature of our nation in arms. They will rightly

point out that this huge army of the Republic during the great war was animated by a spirit which had nothing in common with what is called militarism, but which was on the contrary the true spirit of fighting democracy. The fact that so many officers and men are devoted Roman Catholics does not make any difference in that respect. The most ardent of them fight exactly in the same way as the unbelievers. A friend of mine, who is what we call a "Republican officer," told me how he used to get on, he, a captain, with a major, who, being born in Brittany, was strongly attached to his religious beliefs. One day, as they were just going to make a dash at the Boches, the major, who was close to him in the trench, pulled out his watch and said: "Only five minutes left, let us pray." Five minutes later they all jumped out of the trench and took the first German line. When they were relieved the day after the major, who had fought splendidly, took the captain aside and said:

"I believe you have not prayed."

"Of course not," said my friend, "I do not see why I should."

The major seemed to be worried and said again:

"How can you lay down your life if you do believe that after death, there is nothing?"

"Well, because I love my country. And you see, mon commandant," he added, laughing, "I think I am rather better than you, for while I die for France, you die to win Paradise."

They have been the best of friends ever since. For their little differences in theological matters did not prevent them from dealing with the men and facing death with the same courage and simplicity.



LA MAIRIE—DOUARNENEZ.

From a painting by the late W. Douglas Almond, R.I., exhibited at the Leicester Gallery.

THE NAVY OF FRANCE

BY ARCHIBALD HURD.

WHEN we commemorate the Battle of Trafalgar, our thoughts turn to the French Fleet; when we lay our chaplets of victory at the base of the Nelson memorial, other flowers are placed there in honour of the French sailor-heroes who fell on October 21st, 1805. British seamen have always recognised French seamen as fellow members with them of the great freemasonry which makes all who go down to the sea in ships, with chivalrous thoughts in their hearts, one great brotherhood. "Your nation and mine," Nelson wrote to a French officer, "are made to show examples of generosity, as well as of valour, to all the people of the earth."

The sailors under the two flags, even when they were confronting each other in deadly warfare, did not forget the bonds of humanity and civilisation which united them. They were men and not beasts of prey, and they showed the same mercy that they in extremity would seek. The great British Admiral's last prayer before he went into action, to die in the hour of his triumph, contained a reflection of his patriotism and of the humane impulses which moved him even when facing a foe. He was wont sometimes to break out in petulant tirades against the French—as against politicians among his own countrymen and even some British institutions—but he was in the habit of excusing himself—feeling that some apology was needed—by saying that he inherited such sentiments from his mother: "my mother hated the French." Why, he did not explain. But when he was about to enter the lists for the last time, his thoughts turned to those who were to be opposed to him in no spirit of hate. "May the great God whom I worship," he wrote on his knees in his cabin on board his flagship, "grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory." He prayed for victory, but he prayed for victory with mercy. "And may no misconduct in anyone," he continued, "tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet." With those thoughts of mercy, the British Admiral prepared to fight his last battle with the French Navy.

On Villeneuve, defeated though he had been, learning of the fate of the British Admiral, he remarked, in the generous spirit which distinguished the naval warriors of the time, "To any other nation, the loss of Nelson would have been irreparable, but in the British Fleet off Cadiz every captain was a Nelson." When Gravina, the commander-in-chief of the Spanish Fleet, lay gasping for breath, he murmured, "I am a dying man, but I hope and trust that I am going to join the greatest hero the world almost ever produced." The sailors who fought at Trafalgar were instinct with the sentiment which defies all narrow national prejudices, and they took a pride in the professional skill even of those who for the moment were their enemies. For upwards of a century and a quarter British and French had been engaged in warfare, and the passage of years, the grim character of the struggle, had served to create in the seamen of the two nations a mutual respect which even the mad passions roused by conflict never effaced. Those far off sea struggles planted in the hearts of the British and French sailors the kindly feelings which to-day are bearing fruit in cordial co-operation in defending the supreme cause which has transformed an Entente into an Alliance, the keystone of freedom not only in Europe, but throughout the world.

Every state with a seaboard has a fleet, but the number of nations which possess sailors can be counted on the fingers of one hand. France is a maritime country, its shores washed by the English Channel, the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and for centuries it has bred sailors who are artists in all the elements of sea power. Even while they were in the grip of the series of wars which seemed never-ending, Englishmen recognised not only the virtue and valour of those who competed with them for the mastery of the sea, but their unrivalled resources and dexterity. It was admitted that during the sail era in ship design—particularly the design of two deckers—the French were our superiors. On the other side of the Channel they first thought of the plan of fighting the guns through portholes. We felt no shame in copying slavishly French plans;

indeed, the *Victory*, Nelson's flagship, which still stands guardian over Portsmouth Harbour, was built after a French model. Our rivals showed an ingenuity and nicety which moved our forefathers to emulation, and even when steel and steam superseded wood and sails the French maintained their initiative. They can claim that while, under Richelieu and Colbert, they built sailing men-o'-war which were the admiration of the world, when the change in naval construction became imminent after the Crimean War they placed afloat the first ironclad ship, *La Gloire*. It will be seen, therefore, that the two navies, so long at war with each other, have been united by not a few ties of an enduring nature, and, almost without intermission, throughout the 100 years which followed the Battle of Trafalgar, France was regarded as this country's one serious rival at sea—in itself a tribute.

The time was to come when faith in the efficiency of the French Fleet was to be put to a supreme test. Germany based her naval hopes on the assumption that Britain would not be "in a position to concentrate all its striking forces against us." That was the foundation on which the Grand Admiral von Tirpitz built; that was the anticipation which he confided to the Reichstag when, in succession, he introduced one Navy Bill after another. A reader of naval history, he knew that at one time in the eighteenth century, owing to pressure in home waters, the British Government had, in spite of Nelson's protest, been compelled to evacuate the Mediterranean. He also conjectured that what was then regarded as a humiliating movement would in the altered circumstances of the twentieth century be resisted as a disaster.

In the interval, owing to the opening of the Suez Canal, British predominance in Egypt, British rule in India, the development of British trade between East and West, the Mediterranean, as he realised, had become the life line of the Empire which the British people would never risk. Therefore, he concluded, it will be necessary for no small part of the British Fleet to remain in those Southern waters, and Germany will be confronted in the North Sea only by a section of the naval power under the White Ensign. The Naval Secretary was confident that, in our pride, we should refuse to withdraw any portion of the naval forces which for a century and more had been maintained in the Mediterranean, and that we should be weak in the North Sea.

That anticipation constituted one of the greatest miscalculations of the Germans. We had learnt in many a bloody battle, fought over a long series of years, to esteem highly the seamanship of the French Fleet and to appreciate the fighting qualities of its officers and men. By the very character of the threat which her growing fleet concentrated in the North Sea offered, Germany convinced British and French sailors that in combination lay strength and that the esteem created in antagonism should be used in combination. The naval Entente had its roots firmly and deeply buried in the glorious past of the two services.

Two alternatives were presented. The two navies could share, in more or less equal measure, the duty of guarding the interests of the Entente peoples in the North Sea and in the Mediterranean. That involved all the inconveniences and weakness flowing from an alliance acting in the same spheres, as to which history is eloquent; that way, as many instances have shown, lies failure. On the other hand, one sea could be assigned to the British flag and the other to the French. The latter solution of the problem the Germans no doubt imagined would be rejected. It meant in a supreme degree mutual trust in the adequacy of the respective fleets to perform all that was required of them; it meant the pulling down of a great British tradition, the apparent lowering of British prestige. On the part of the British people—and not merely on the part of the British Government—it was necessary to repose a confidence in the French Navy such as one nation had never placed in another. Convinced of the ability of the British Fleet to "contain" the German High Sea Fleet in northern waters, it was necessary that the British people should entertain an assurance not less complete that the French Navy was fitted to neutralise and, if necessary, defeat the naval forces, by no means

contemptible, which Austria-Hungary under German pressure had created in the strategically difficult waters of the Adriatic. If the French Fleet were to fail, it was recognised, Malta might fall, the flags of the Central Powers might be planted in Egypt, the Suez Canal might be seized, Persia might be overrun and India isolated. We do well, in endeavouring to assess the services of the French Navy, not to underestimate the consequences which would have ensued on any failure to secure "command of the sea" in the Mediterranean. That was the position in the years preceding the war. The memories of past centuries of valorous and chivalrous warfare were reviewed, and without a moment's misgiving it was resolved that the lifeline of the British and Indian Empires could, and should, be confided to the French Navy.

Thus it came about that as the task of re-building the British Fleet progressed under the inspiration of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher during the ten years which preceded the outbreak of this war threatening every British interest, new vessels, instead of being sent into the Mediterranean, as had been the custom for a hundred years, were commissioned and sent to join what is now known as the Grand Fleet. A British Dreadnought battleship, except only the *Queen Elizabeth* for a short time and under familiar circumstances, has never flaunted the White Ensign in southern waters; three battle cruisers were in the Mediterranean when war occurred, but even these ships have since been withdrawn to strengthen further the Armada which confronts Germany in the North Sea. To-day there is no first line ship of the British Fleet in the Mediterranean.

This shifting of our naval power from the Mediterranean to the North Sea will stand on record, when the history of this struggle comes to be written, as the highest compliment which one maritime nation has ever paid to the valour and efficiency of another. The French Navy gave us freedom to complete the greatest and most fruitful concentration at the right place at the right moment which any country has ever effected. The trust in the competency of French seamen was not misplaced, as the record of the past twenty

one months attests. For specific duties British men-o'-war—obsolescent ships forming no part of the Grand Fleet organisation—have operated in the Mediterranean, but the main burden of defence has fallen on the French Fleet. Its ships have assisted in protecting Egypt and defending the Suez Canal; its squadrons "contained" the Austro-Hungarian Fleet before Italy intervened and relieved them of that duty; its battleships and cruisers assisted in the operations in the Dardanelles, paying a heavy price, as the destruction of the battleship *Bouvet* with a large proportion of her crew must continually remind us; its flotillas have been active in safeguarding the great trade route, 2,000 miles or so in length, from Gibraltar to Port Said. In the operations in the outer seas against the marauding German cruisers in the early days of the war, in the Atlantic as well as in the Pacific, French sailors lent their aid with admirable devotion to the common cause. Never in the record of warfare have two services co-operated with such singleness of purpose as the British and French Fleets have done during the past months of storm and stress. Perhaps nothing indicates more clearly the unity which exists between the two nations to-day than the fact that the men-o'-war which are making greatest use of the magnificent resources for repair and refreshment which the British dockyard at Malta affords are those which fly the ensign of the Allied Republic.

A member of the French Naval War Staff has remarked ("Navy League Annual," 1915-16): "The French Navy has never ceased to perform effective work on every sea and even on land (as, for instance, in furnishing naval brigades at the battles of the Marne and Dixmude), at some points directing operations, at others merely bringing its assistance to the help of its Allies. It is true it has appeared in no brilliant action, and public opinion has, perhaps, been somewhat deceived in its expectation of sensational events. The action of the French Navy has, none the less, made itself effectively felt, although in different wise from what was anticipated, so much has this war upset all the theoretical ideas elaborated during times of peace." The war at sea has taught one lesson, which



Emil Frechon.

BRETON FISHERMEN.

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During the reign of Louis XIV, when France competed with Holland for maritime supremacy, Colbert instituted "L'inscription maritime," by which all sea-going men were bound to serve when required in the navy of the King. This institution has been perpetuated up to our own day and "Les inscrits maritimes" are free from military service, but form the best part of the naval army, like the marine fusiliers who fought so heroically in the trenches at Dixmude, under the command of Admiral Ronch.

has its influence on any attempt to appreciate at their real worth the services which the French Navy has rendered. The supreme test is not battle, which may be indecisive, but ability to win command of the sea. The very fact that a naval force has secured the use of sea communications without being challenged by its opponent carries with it the most convincing testimony to its character. If the French Fleet had been unfitted for the task which was reposed in it in the early days of the war (before Italy entered the ring) the Austro-Hungarian squadrons—and this enemy Power possessed eleven efficient and modern battleships, besides six smaller units, and no mean strength in armoured

cruisers, not to mention flotillas of destroyers and submarines—would have accepted the challenge offered with unvarying persistency. The services of the French sailors must be judged not by any spectacular standard, but by the firm grip which, throughout the long period of hostilities—in the summer as in winter—they have held on the great trade routes which pass through these southern waters. And if in course of time the enemy which confronts it in considerable strength should decide to contest its command we may rest assured that, in association with the Fleet of Italy, it will acquit itself in a manner which will bring no discredit on its ancient traditions.

FRENCH AGRICULTURE DURING WAR

By PROFESSOR A. SOUCHON, MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIE D'AGRICULTURE.

These photographs are published by the courtesy of the Service photographique de l'Armée.



WORKING AT THE MILK SUPPLY.

IN the month of August, 1914, during the first hours of mobilisation and those times of deliberate enthusiasm which will remain the most beautiful in all the history of France, the *President du Conseil* appealed to the women of France and asked them to secure the harvest after the men had gone. "There will be glory for everyone," said he. Our peasant women have made a splendid effort to reply to this appeal. Helped by old men and young people they have succeeded in getting in all the cereals. One may say without any exaggeration that not a grain of wheat has been lost by negligence or idleness. Only in the vineyards has a deficit been announced, and this is not because less energy has been displayed in the wine countries, but because the vintage requires a great deal of manual labour which cannot be replaced by machinery. Then, again, our wine districts are the richest in France, and affluence is always accompanied by a very low birth-rate. Since the beginning of the war Burgundy and Provence have paid the penalty for their shortcomings in this respect.

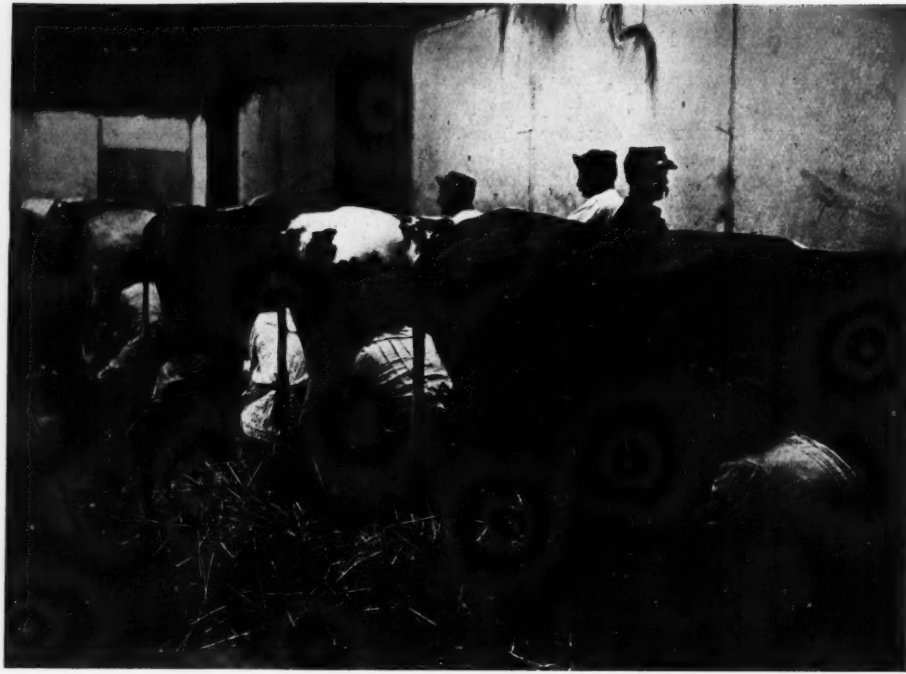
At the beginning the French were persuaded that the war would be very short. It seemed to them that everything was

settled as soon as the crop was secured. No one foresaw the length or the importance of the effort which our women would have to make. For two years they have shown themselves equal to an overwhelming task. It is necessary to be familiar with the details of our rural life to realise how much cheerful energy has been put into the work. With us, where a decoration is the end of everything, it is intended to recognise by medals the merit of those who have given the best example of how to ensure the maintenance of our agriculture. One mayor, consulted as to those to be honoured in his commune, frankly confessed that he was incapable of giving an opinion, each and all having deserved well of *la Patrie*. Moreover, the results are convincing.

On the eve of the war everybody acquainted with our rural economy declared that the lack of manual labour was a great danger to the country. On the whole our population was not increasing. There were even years when the birth-rate did not equal the death-rate. At the same time industrial wages were rising very rapidly. "La ville tentaculaire" lured our peasants, and still more our

peasant women, not only by the hope of gain, but also by the attraction of its pleasures. It is in vain that for summer work, at least, our landowners and farmers make a great appeal for outside help. Every year nearly forty thousand Belgians came to the North and to the Paris district to help in the cultivation and the harvesting of the beet crop.

Many districts depended partially on Polish labourers. In 1913 nearly eight thousand Poles were scattered over various cultivated areas, chiefly in the East and the Ile de France. In certain parts of Hérault and Gard the Spaniards form veritable agricultural colonies. The Italian immigrants, who were so numerous in France, were far from being entirely absorbed by factories. Many of them were also attracted by the work of the fields. In fact, those engaged in our agriculture did not consist only of seasonal labourers. In the Aisne, the Meuse and also other departments foreigners were coming to rent farms, bringing with them gangs of helpers who made them independent of further manual labour. It has even been asked since war began whether some of these intruders were not spies. In spite of this immigration, in spite of machinery, the use of which has increased every year in a prodigious manner, in spite even of occasional changes in cultural methods which have enabled the farmer to dispense with some of the most exacting forms of hand labour, he was confronted with great difficulties owing to lack of workers, so much so that the value of the land was endangered and in many districts it became very difficult to sell it, the purchasers anticipating too much trouble in working it. The evil was greatest in the south-west, where the depression in the birth rate is also greatest. Under such circumstances would not the withdrawal of the youngest and strongest men, to be suddenly thrown on the frontiers, spell disaster? The facts speak for themselves. Certainly



THE MILKING SHED.

since the beginning of war there has been agricultural loss. Especially when one compares the areas under cereals in 1913 with those of to-day, one sees a marked diminution. The area under wheat has decreased from 6,571,000 hectares to 5,034,570 hectares. The loss in barley and oats is larger still. On the other hand, some crops have been kept up

without having had the same care as in ordinary times. This is particularly the case with the vines. We know that the crop of 1915 was bad and only yielded barely a third of a normal vintage. This was certainly due to the weather, but it must also partly be ascribed to the lack of hand labour and sulphate of copper to protect the vines against cryptogamic diseases. It would be idle, therefore, to deny that our agriculture has been affected by the war. But in a sane appreciation what has to be remembered is the astounding fact that so much has been accomplished rather than the melancholy fact that so much has been lost. As we have said, the honour for what has been done must chiefly be attributed to the women, and it is a fact that after having done the harvesting for 1914 the majority of them apprenticed themselves to work which was quite new to them and which in many cases seemed to be beyond their strength. But it must be added that the Government and army have co-operated powerfully so that the necessary work might be accomplished. One of the things which astonish foreigners who follow our military operations is to see crops flourishing right up to the firing line. This is not only thanks to the peasant women and those men who have stayed on the land, but also to the military chiefs and particularly, as should be said with gratitude, the English generals who have turned their soldiers into farm hands and lent their horses for the plough. It is to be wished that the practice could become more general, since trench warfare



AN AGED TEAMSTER BACK AT HIS WORK.

with its long periods of immobility often makes it possible. In the interior also well directed efforts were made. The first necessity was to find labour. Refugees from Belgium and the invaded parts of France were set to work. At first these men were depressed by the horrors they had witnessed. Many of them seemed lacking in energy, but in most cases they soon regained their courage, and in this way the farmers in many districts obtained valuable assistance. Then foreigners were called upon. A Committee of Agricultural Manual Labour has been formed for this purpose at the Board of Agriculture. Its activities are considerable. Thanks to its efforts thousands of Spaniards have been brought over the frontier to be distributed all over the Midi. It has also pressed Kabylis into the service, though not in any great numbers—perhaps a thousand of

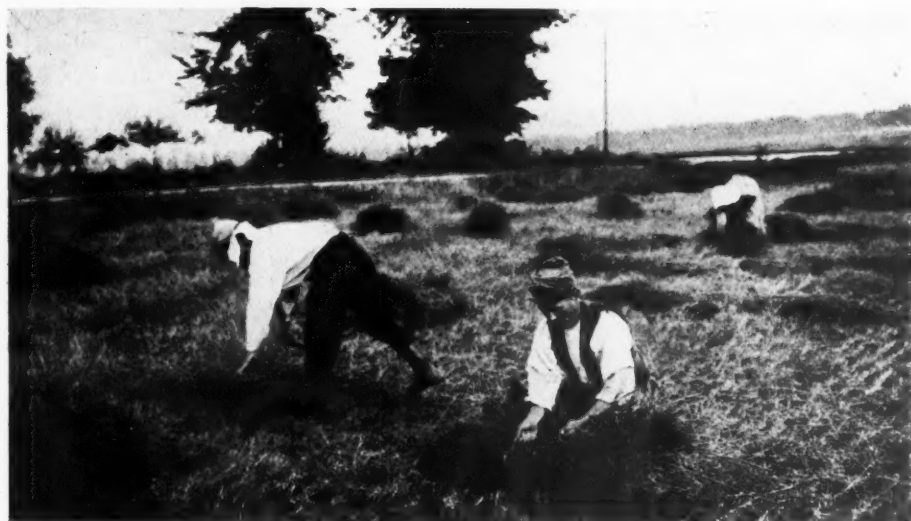
"mobilised" men, or what in England would be the called-up reserve. It was not always easy to reconcile

military requirements to agricultural needs, but by the end of 1915 numerous agricultural permits had very rightly been given. Since he has been Minister of Agriculture, M. Meline has multiplied the number of circulars for obtaining still more permits. From this point of view the summer campaign of 1916 will afford many more facilities.

Summed up, our agricultural situation is more satisfactory than we dared hope. The sugar-beet crop only was seriously affected because it was situated in the districts invaded by the enemy. Even where they only passed through, the Germans took special care to destroy our sugar factories. As sugar manufacturers themselves, they thought it a wise precaution against future competition. They have only added considerably to the bill they will have to pay.



HORSES LENT FOR FARM WORK.

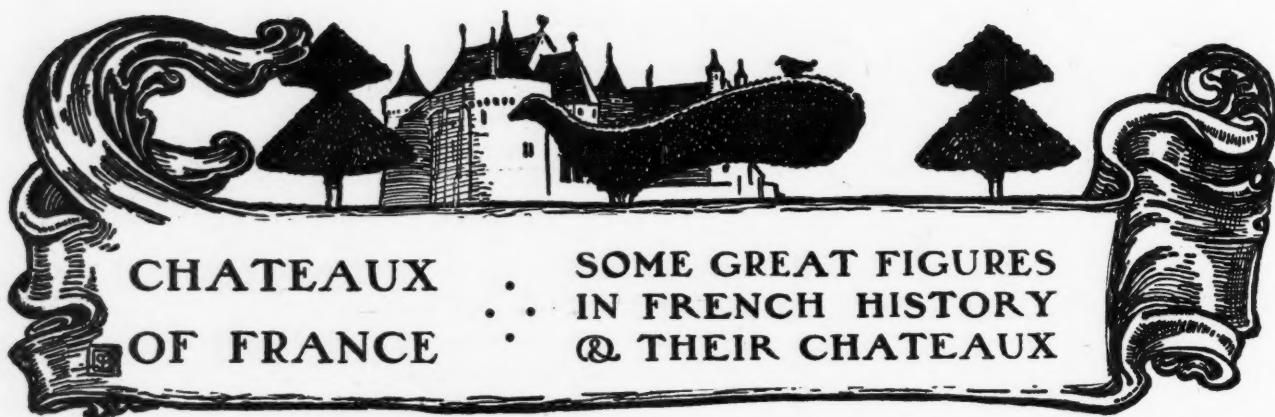


SOLDIER HARVESTERS.

them—but the experiment has succeeded, especially in the department of Eure-et-Loir where they were sent. Even if the war is prolonged, some further source of supply will be found. There has also been some talk of importing Chinamen. If so, they would be specially devoted to war work, but no doubt our agriculture would also profit by them. On the other hand, we have some involuntary immigrants in the shape of German prisoners. They were utilised for agricultural work by organising scores of them, who were put at the disposal of the Communes, who, again, distributed them among the farmers. The results were specially good in those districts where the interned camps consisted of Poles and men from Alsace-Lorraine, who are regarded with a friendly eye by the native population. The Minister of War was anxious to give agricultural permits to our



GERMAN PRISONERS AT WORK.



CHATEAUX . . . SOME GREAT FIGURES OF FRANCE . . . IN FRENCH HISTORY & THEIR CHATEAUX

IN the following pages are a few extracts—both text and illustrations—from a book entitled "Twenty-five Great Houses of France," by Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook, which will be issued by COUNTRY LIFE at a later date. Its chapters constitute a volume which will be of interest on both sides of the Channel, for it will contain a larger survey of history and a more complete collection of fine photographs of French domestic architecture than ever before issued. Our immediate purpose is to give a bird's-eye view of the most notable of the houses and of the great historical figures associated with them.

The great war has driven into everlasting limbo many books composed before its cataclysm swept over Europe. But a volume which begins with the story of Mont St. Michel, of Carcassonne, of Château Gaillard and of Pierrefonds will not be inappropriate to the most military age. The spirit that held out in Carcassonne has shone again at Verdun. The descendants of those who fought at Château Gaillard have made a "Saucy Castle" of every trench from Soissons to the sea. A mightier cannonade than ever Louis d'Orléans knew has shaken the buttresses of Pierrefonds and the Valley of the Aisne. For to-day's extracts we have therefore chosen Pierrefonds first. It is followed by Rouen with its records of the Field of the Cloth of Gold; by Blois with the murder of the Duke of Guise; by Chantilly with the story of Condé's fighting in the Netherlands; and it ends with the memories of Fontenoy at Chambord.

Pierrefonds and Louis Duke of Orleans.

Count of Valois and Beaumont, of Asti and Vertus, of Soissons, Blois, Dreux, Angoulême, and Périgord, Seigneur of Savona, Coucy, Pierrefonds, and La Ferté Milon, Duke of Touraine, of Luxembourg and Aquitaine, and nearly King of Adria in 1394, the Duke of Orleans in the zenith of his strength was treated by the Powers of Europe as an independent Sovereign. . . . As Louis grew, his strangely varied character expanded more and more. Accusations of prodigality only made him spend with a more lavish hand than ever. Reproved for licentiousness, he kept Mariette de Canny in his house till Dunois was born; he openly made love to Isabel, his brother's pretty Queen, even to Margaret,

the other Bavarian, who was wedded to John of Burgundy. He held the love of his own wife from the first day he saw her, and she died of a broken heart when he was slain. For good or evil there was ever the influence of a woman in his destiny, and though he was strong enough to dominate all lesser natures, yet he foreshadowed that reign of woman which was the sixteenth century, which troubled, corrupted, civilised the whole of France from the days of Fredegond and Brunhilda to Marie Stuart and La Reine Margot and on to Scarron's widow, wife of Louis XIV. In spite of every fault the French loved Louis d'Orléans. They cried out that his wife, his father-in-law were steeped in Italian sorcery and had bewitched the King. They prayed a

pitiful God to save them from the Duke of Orleans, who crushed them down with taxes beneath his iron heel and scarce looked round to hear the groaning of the maimed. But still they loved him. For in him they saw that volatile and gracious spirit, brilliant and graceful, yet daring and undaunted, which is the spirit of France.

When he lay dead in Paris streets, crushed like a butterfly beneath the ponderous chariot wheel of Burgundy, all France lamented him. . . . That seemed the end of the great figure typified in Frémiet's statue at Pierrefonds; but we know it was not the end. Of Louis d'Orléans there is Pierrefonds left, if there were nothing else; and I half suspect that by Pierrefonds he might have been content that we should judge him, for it sums up, as all great buildings do, the character and personality of its builder. He sits there on horseback at his door, a mass of steel before that mass of stone, the only inhabitant of a fortress-palace that disdains all lesser inmates. . . .

Rouen and the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Apart from their immense historical value, these carvings rise at the Maison Bourgtheroulde to a far higher level of art and execution than any others on its walls, and it is appropriately enough in the actual meeting of the monarchs that the excellence of the sculptor's skill is chiefly displayed. Each king, with his hat in his right hand, bows low in greeting; and it will be noticed that, while Henry is clean shaved, Francis is shown with his beard, inasmuch as he had sworn he would not use a razor till he had met



THE EAGLE OF FRANCE AT PIERREFONDS.



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A CORNER IN THE FANTASTIC ROOF OF CHAMBORD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

his cousin of England. So anxious were the French ambassadors lest Henry's smooth chin might be the subtle indication of "an unfriendly act," that the English king had to assure them that his affections resided not in his beard but in his heart. Henry's harness is worked in alternate squares of leopards and roses. Close to him are the Earls of Essex and Northumberland. Francis wears upon his harness the fleurs-de-lys of France. Before him are the Swiss guards under Fleurance, and beside him are Mountjoy

Ardres, from whose walls the French ladies are eagerly watching the brave show made by their countrymen. In just the same way the English procession, which is instantly recognisable by the archers who go with it, may be seen issuing from the gates of Guynes in the last panel on the left, and here, too, the walls are crowded with men and women looking out. To the right of this is Cardinal Wolsey, riding on a mule, with Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; and the strong figure ahead of them with his mace



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THE CHAMBER OF LOUIS XII IN THE COURTS OF JUSTICE AT ROUEN.

"C.L."

and the heralds, with Bourbon carrying the sword, the Master of Horse, the High Admiral and other great nobles of the realm. In the gallant army of figures that follow, in other panels, behind their sovereign you may realise the truth of Du Bellay's phrase that "many Frenchmen carried the price of woodland, watermill and pasture on their backs." In the panel that has been partly guarded by the stair-rail there is a particularly dignified figure of a courtier mounting his horse as the end of the procession leaves the gates of

resting on his thigh is Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the motto on whose garter could be clearly read only sixty years ago. . . . The founder of the riches of the house of Bourgtheroulde was a councillor in the Court established by Louis XII in Rouen. The permanent home of that august assembly is worthy both of its great traditions and its Royal builder. Its west wing, now the Salle des Pas Perdus, was originally the old common hall of the merchants in the Clos des Juifs, with a roof that looks from withinside

like the upturned hull of some great merchant galley, and a fine sweep to its entrance stairway, which has at last been replaced where first it stood after the same architect who ruined the west front of St. Ouen had worked his will upon the Palais de Justice also. It is the main building, exactly opposite the courtyard entrance from the Rue aux Juifs, that is the chief glory of the whole, with the lovely octagonal turret jutting out from the line of flaming window-crests where King Louis had a circular chamber for his private use.

Blois and the Murder of Guise.

The business of the council had just begun again when Révol opened the door with a message that the Duke was wanted by His Majesty. Guise threw what was left of the prunes on to the table, saluted the councillors and went out. The door was shut behind him. Half noticing that he was followed he turned slightly with his right hand on his beard, when Montsery rushed forward, threw up his arm and thrust a dagger at his throat. The Duke had scarcely time to shout for help before Des Effrenats caught him by the leg, and Sainte-Malines stabbed him at the back of his head. He threw them off in the sheer strength of his last agony, and dragged himself to the King's bed with one choking cry for pity. He never spoke again. The King came in and ordered Beaulieu to search the body. In one pocket was a memorandum: "Civil War in France would cost 700,000 crowns a month." The Duke still breathed, but in another moment all was over. The Cardinal was seized and guarded in the Council Chamber. By the next morning both brothers were dead, and their ashes were cast into the Loire. Catherine, the Queen



A LINE OF GARGOYLES ON THE FRANCOIS I WING AT BLOIS.

Mother, lay dying in the rooms beneath; but her only indignation was at realising that she had not been called in to advise or help. Within a year the King himself had been assassinated.

Vaux Le Vicomte and the Fall of Fouquet.

On August 17th, 1661, was given the entertainment to Louis XIV which saw the perfection of Vaux le Vicomte and sealed the death-warrant of its master. Fouquet cannot have enjoyed his château for more than three years at most, and he probably did not spend very much more than six months there altogether. He had scarcely satisfied himself that the most splendid estate in France had actually reached the completion of its artistic development when he was hurled into the Bastille. He died at Pignerol, next to the dungeon which guarded the impenetrable secret of the Man

in the Iron Mask. So sudden a reversal of fortune and so terrible a fate may well have tempted many a playwright and novelist to choose it for his theme. But in the gardens of Vaux le Vicomte itself we have no need of Dumas's picturesque imaginations. The place is full of real ghosts. The facts that happen, the truths that underlie the brilliant scene are theatrical enough to need no exaggeration. . . . You can imagine that brilliant company on an August afternoon, men and women, too, in dresses of a hundred hues, in laces and ribbons and huge towering wigs, and hats with ostrich feathers that rose still higher in the scented air—leonine crests upon an ass's body for the most part; inverted pyramids that seemed only to keep their balance by a miracle. Among these fashionable monstrosities you must not forget that this is the age of La Fontaine, of Mme. de Sévigné, of the prim Mme. Scarron, who is to mount so high later on,





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THE NEW ENTRANCE AT CHANTILLY.

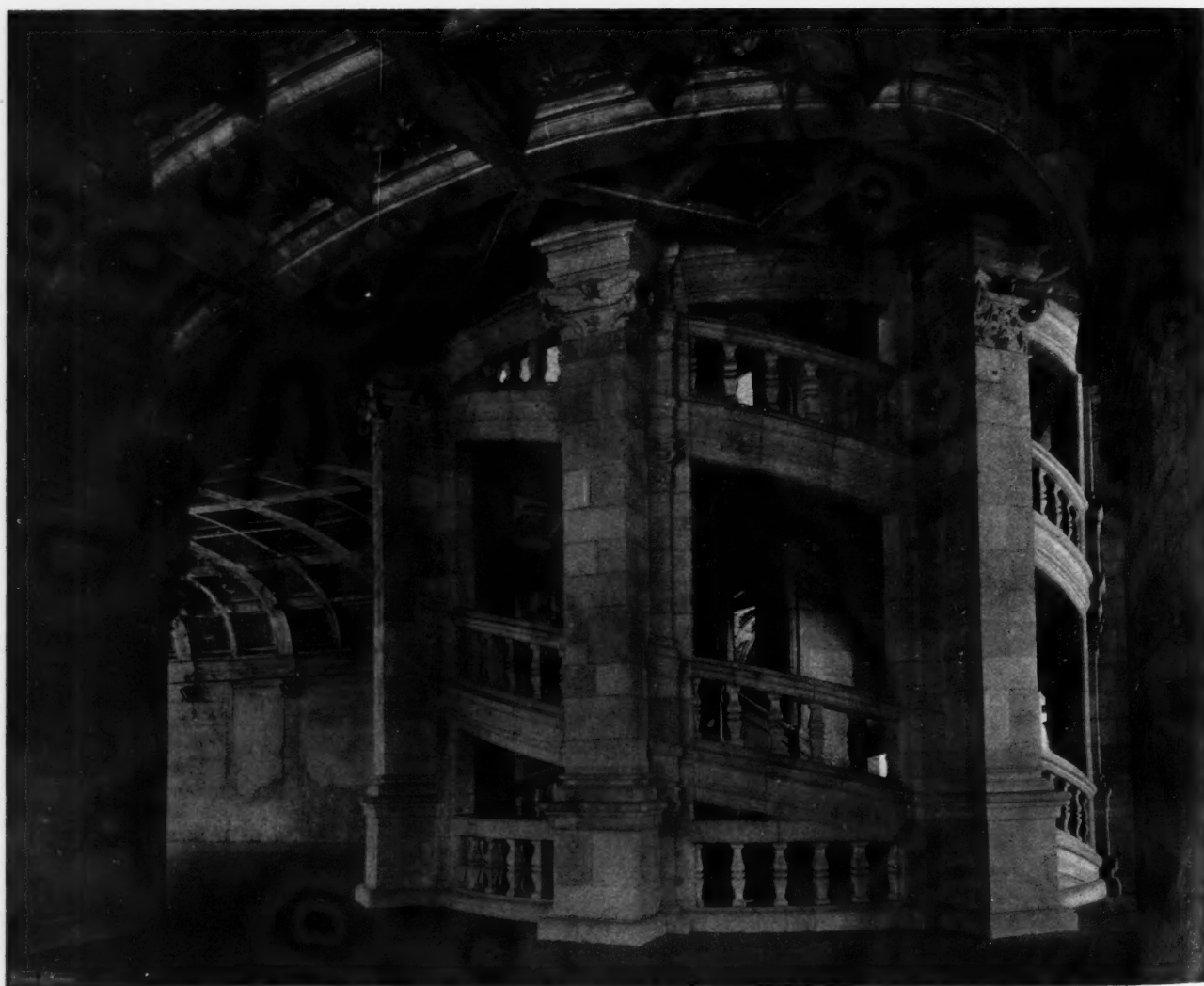
COUNTRY LIFE.

and of De Retz, of Le Brun, who is receiving compliments from everyone we may be sure, finally, of Molière. Behind the King stand D'Artagnan and his musketeers. Behind the courtiers is Colbert. But those sinister figures trouble nobody as yet. Six thousand invitations have been sent, and nearly all accepted. The banquet is to be a dream of luxury. . . . Louis could with difficulty carry on the farce. He determined

to return that night to Fontainebleau, though the whole Court were watching with the greatest wonder such fountains as had never been seen before, lit up by countless fireworks in the darkening gardens. The fête, instead of dying down, seemed gradually making a more brilliant climax. Mme. du Plessis-Bellièvre, one of the Surintendant's spies, slipped into his hand a note of warning. As Guise had done at



THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD CARVED ON THE MAISON BOURGTHEROULDE AT ROUEN.



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THE DOUBLE SPIRAL STAIRCASE AT CHAMBORD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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MANTELPIECE WITH FOUQUET'S PORTRAIT AT VAUX LE VICOMTE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Blois, so Fouquet tore it up at Vaux. The music went on playing. The crowd surged slowly towards the house. The few hundreds who had gone seemed to make little difference to the gallant total. There was a movement to and fro till dawn, and Fouquet never slept.

Chantilly and the Great Condé.

The great Condé was to change the face of the Chantilly estate, and he held it all his life, save for those five years which followed his disgrace, when the struggle against Mazarin had thrown him into the arms of Spain. As a matter of fact Condé was at one time as great a traitor to France as his ancestor the Constable de Bourbon, and perpetrated far worse treason than had brought his uncle to the scaffold. At twenty-two years of age he defeated the allied Spanish and German armies at Rocroy. At Freiburg, at Nordlingen, at Lens he beat them again. Suddenly he turned round and vanquished the French army he had so often led to victory. But, for the sake of the glories of his youth, France forgot the mistakes of later years. In 1668 she saw him turn once more upon the Spaniards and wrest Franche-Comté from their rule. In 1671 she was celebrating his loyalty and patriotism at the gorgeous reception of Louis XIV at Chantilly. He fought again at that fatal passage of the Rhine, when he went across and across the river with his sons by his side, with his nephew, the Duc de Longueville, dead beneath his cloak, with M. de Montchevreuil (Enghien's attaché) bleeding mortally in the same boat. The Prince's affections became centred with extraordinary force and vigour on his son. They fought ever side by side, and the father's anxious eye was ever on his heir. At Lenef he beat the Prince of Orange. In 1675, when all France was mourning the great Turenne, Condé and his son were still fighting grimly in Alsace. Together they faced Montecuculi and hurled him back across the Rhine. It was the great general's last fight. After 1675 he retired to his "Apothéose de Chantilly" with his beloved son, his daughter-in-law, his nephews, with Bossuet, Racine, Corneille. But a cloud had descended on that ardent spirit. He seemed

more and more to withdraw into himself. He became careless of his dress, and "even let his beard grow," writes Mme. de Sévigné in the extremity of astonishment. But he seemed ever kind and gentle, and quietly devoted his energies to beautifying his château and his estates.

Chambord and Marshal Saxe.

Maurice de Saxe was born on October 28th, 1696, the natural son of Augustus II, Elector of Saxony (afterwards King of Poland) and the beautiful Aurora Königsmark. His birth gave him a double incentive to ambition. Dreams of that throne from which he was inevitably divided tinged all his passionate and active life. He was ever eager to show that he was worthy of the kingdoms of which the bar sinister alone deprived him. Twice he might have married the heiress of all the Russias. But he preferred the throne of Kurland, and held it until Russia and Poland between them crushed him out of it. . . . In April, 1745, William Augustus Duke of Cumberland was in the Netherlands with a brilliant staff, among whom were Lord Ancrum, Henry Conway, Lord Bury and Lord Cathcart as his aides-de-camp; Lord Crawford with the household cavalry; Sir John Ligonier with the infantry; Lord Albemarle, colonel of the Coldstreams, with the Guards. These were faced in Flanders by the French troops under Maurice de Saxe as commander-in-chief, with the old Duc de Noailles serving under him. . . . For twelve hours our men had had neither food nor rest. Even in retreat they remained redoubtable, facing about at every hundred paces and keeping off pursuit. In the Guards' Brigade not a single unwounded survivor was missing at the morrow's roll-call. We made Saxe pay dearly for his victory. . . . "Life," he said, as he lay dying, "is all a dream. Mine is short; but it has been a good one." And so the blue eyes closed upon the world he knew; the swarthy features fell into an unaccustomed stillness; the huge bulk of body moved no more. He had lived hard; but he had striven worthily. And whatsoever his hand had found to do he did it with all his might. He is a refreshing figure in the mirage of Chambord's memories.

L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE

Sing to my Soul, renew its languishing faith and hope,
Rouse up my slow belief, give me some vision of the future,
Give me for once its prophecy and joy.

WHITMAN.

I.

TWO years ago.
We drink great breaths of Art; pacing the
white arena set with sculpture, the endless galleries
of paintings, architecture, jewels; tempted at last
to pleasant musing at the little green wood tables
among the palms. Tea for our dainty comrade—

Je ne la vous nommeray me,
Si non que c'est ma grand' amye;

for ourselves, the aperitif and cigarette. How good it is,
and spacious! How better than the cramped rooms of
panting London, where we must do headache penance for
the sight of a picture; where carriages stand close packed
in the courtyard, each to be drawn deftly from the rank,
like a book from its shelf. How fair and sweet is Paris
on a May afternoon.

Or, que le ciel est le plus gay,
En ce gracieux mois de May.

To dine at the hotel—to sit within doors—were sacrilege;
the soft bright air invites us once more abroad, whispering
of delicate fare in the gardens of Ledoyen. Attuned to
the concord of its name we stroll across the great Place,
and turn westward. Between the immortal Horses of
Guillaume Coustou the setting sun flames before us, framed
within the very opening of the Arch, which towers mistily
splendid, half transparent, above the vast Avenue bathed
in golden haze. "*Attolite portas, principes, vestras, et
elevamini, portæ æternales*"; it was always Napoleon's
gateway that answered in our childish mind to the call of
the Psalmist's verse.

Two years ago, no more. What was then to us the
Arch of Triumph? A Paris landmark, an effective mass
at that intersection of radiating roads which marks the
old barrière de Neuilly; a rather typically French scenic
artifice, reminiscent of the doings of Napoleon and the
glories of the Grande Armée. Historically viewed, it
seemed but a half-hearted performance, the work lingering

fitfully to completion for thirty years, and at the last
inaugurated in the King's absence, by reason of foreign
susceptibilities; critically considered, impressive in its
size—the archway near a hundred feet high, and half as
wide—the hugest of its kind; the French are not afraid
voir grand in architecture as we note, its art not perhaps
of the finest, but, on the whole, satisfying.

Why did we not see more? Was there no gift of
prophecy, no sense of the unconscious symbol? The sun
which glorifies it stands in the Western sky; did not that
illuminate us? The curiously uncertain steps in its evolu-
tion, the vast foundation needed, the long and hesitant
building; did not these proclaim how great, how distant,
was the event kindling in the lap of Time? This Arch is
the city's Gate of State—and naught but grief has entered
by it hitherto. Its pillars, between which passed the
corpse of its Imperial founder on his way from exile to rest
under the dome of the Invalides, its vault, beneath which
stood the hearse of Victor Hugo have been desecrated by
the echoed trampling of victorious Germans, and claim
the purifying sacrifice. These things we knew; and could
not read, so short while since, the riddle of its destiny.

But now, at length, we see. The glories of the Aisne,
of Ypres, and Verdun, have swept the veil from our eyes,
the parable is interpreted, and the arm of the Lord revealed.
Before us, in clear vision, the nation that reared the Arch
passes in triumphant procession between its portals, rejoicing
in the victory of which their forefathers, unknowing, gave
the mighty sign. The attic of the Arch of Victory awaits,
virginal, its crowning trophy; already the east wind brings
to us murmurs of the exultant march of freedom.

Again thy star, O France, fair lustrous star,
In heavenly peace, clearer, more bright than ever,
Shall beam immortal.

II.

Never had monument more troublous evolution. Altered
in form, in purpose and in place, from the intentions
of Napoleon, themselves many times changed, founded by
the Empire, abandoned by the Bourbons, and finished by
the son of Orléans Egalité, it was designed to celebrate

Levallois-Perret

Avenue d'Iéna

Clichy

Seine

Avenue
de la Gde.
ArmeeAvenue
du BoisAvenue
V. Hugo

Reservoirs

Avenue
KleberRue de
LongchampMusée
GuimetPlace
d'IénaAvenue
du
TrocadéroAvenue
d'IénaJardins
du
Trocadéro

Seine

Avenue
HocheArc de
l'EtoileAvenue
des Champs
ElyséesAvenue
MarceauRue de
Chaillot(Place des
Etats-Unis)Musée
GallieraAvenue
du
TrocadéroSubsist-
ances
MilitairesQuai
Debilly

D. McLeish.

A BIRD'S-EYE PROSPECT OF PARIS.

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This superb view is taken from the Tour Eiffel, looking nearly due north. Before us lies the Quartier de Chaillot, where stood, in the recollection of men still living, the charming village from which it takes its name. In the foreground are the Seine and the quai Debilly with, on the left, a corner of the Trocadéro gardens; on the right, the buildings of the great Army victualling department, upon the site of the ancient tapestry works (familiar to all students of Old Paris as the "Savonnerie"), now transferred to the Gobelins. The Avenue du Trocadéro traverses the picture right and left of the spacious Place d'Iéna, where stands the Musée Guimet, a triangular block of buildings with circular angle pavilion and domical roof. From this Place the Avenue d'Iéna curves northward to the summit of the Etoile, whence the Arc de Triomphe dominates the swarming city at its feet. On the left of the Avenue appear the trees of the Place des Etats-Unis, with the Washington monument at its western end. Behind the Musée Galliera winds the ancient Rue de Chaillot which, like the Rue de Longchamp, follows the line of the old village main street. In the distance the Seine reappears, after encircling the Bois de Boulogne, and crosses the view from left to right; parallel with it, and nearer the spectator, is seen the line of fortifications.

Austerlitz and ended by commemorating the whole Napoleonic *épopée*. Begun fifteen years before the death of the Imperial founder, he lay other fifteen in his island grave before its completion. Nine architects were concerned with its building: Chalgrin and Raymond the first—pupils respectively of Servandoni and Blondel—under whom the work was begun without ceremony in 1806. The hesitation and delay which had marked its inception beset also the development of the design; and in 1808 Chalgrin and Raymond, while agreed upon the use of a columnar order, were still at variance as to whether the columns should stand free or be engaged to the structure. In 1811 both died, within a week one of the other, and Goust, Chalgrin's assistant, carried on the work until 1814, when the Restoration put a stop to it; there was even talk of demolishing what had been done. The scaffolding was removed and the wood used for roofing the new public granaries.

A fresh start was made in 1823, Huyot, a brilliant designer, being now associated with Goust, with a commission of four, de Gisors, Fontaine, Labarre and Debret, in control. Progress was slow; Huyot, who had unsuccessfully urged a revised design with engaged columns and a new attic, seems to have taken little part in the work until 1829, when, on the retirement of Goust, he resumed activity, completed the great entablature, and decorated the vaulting. Unable, however, to gain official approval for his ideas he resigned in 1832, and was succeeded by Blouet, who added the upper stages, following in part the designs of Huyot. The structure was inaugurated by Thiers in 1836.

Lemonnier remarks that the impression of size in the antique was revealed to the architects of the eighteenth century by the engravings of Piranesi; and Chalgrin had

doubtless derived from Servandoni his quality of "seeing big." "Actual size," says Quatremère de Quincy, "is one of the principal causes of value and effect in architecture. The reason is that most of the impressions caused by this art are connected with the sentiment of admiration. Man's instinct is to admire what is great, the idea of which is always associated with power and force." Be this as it may, the Arc de l'Etoile must be counted a respectable, rather than a fine piece of design; the great scale of its execution masks defects which are apparent enough in a drawing. Of these, the chief is the continuation of the impost across the face of the pylons, reducing their apparent height and leaving them disproportionate to the immense attic. Blondel made no such error in his masterpiece at the Porte Saint-Denis; Bullet escaped it at the Porte Saint-Martin by reducing his springing cornice to a mere band; Fontaine corrected it by his predominant column lines at the Carrousel. Huyot's instinct was right; had he had his way the proportions of the monument might have been as magnificent as its size.

The topmost trophy is still lacking, and it is difficult to conceive any group of statuary which should adequately crown so great a mass and not imperil the severity of its outline. Perhaps the finest conception yet offered was Farcy's Eagle, its tremendous wings expanded, brooding over the city, gazing Eastward.

JOHN W. SIMPSON.

This article was in print before the writer had seen Mr. Walcot's brilliant drawing for the cover of this number, a rendering of the subject inspired by its greatest qualities. It is interesting to note how intuitive perception of architectural form has led him straight to the secret of its impressiveness; the part is sometimes greater than the whole—his view is arrested by the mighty archway and its piers, and disregards the rest of the structure.—J. W. S.

OUR ARCHITECTURAL DEBT TO FRANCE

THE BUILDING OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"As compared with other nations, the art in which France has always rendered her most brilliant service to the world is the art of architecture."

—REGINALD BLOMFIELD, R.A.

APPRECIATION of France's contribution to the good and lovely things of the world and of our England in particular has nowhere a sounder basis than in the realm of architecture. Our painting had some notable though small schools in mediæval times, but England has little to compare with the primitives of Italy and France and no great claim to be regarded as a seed-plot of painters until the eighteenth century. In sculpture the widespread efflorescence of Gothic art left its mark on such carved figures as beautify the west front of Wells Cathedral and on many an effigy and corbel in humble parish churches, but, as in painting, the impact of the early Renaissance left comparatively little mark.

The record of our architecture, however, is full of critical points at which a new and always a good impetus came from France to stimulate its growth. It is true that all neighbouring countries act and react on each other in artistic as in literary, social and political growth, but in estimating these reactions we should look to their aesthetic rather than to their historical significance. At this time we are apt to attribute every ill quality to German ideas and things of all periods. This tendency leads to many foolish and partisan conclusions which may be resisted on the grounds of historical common sense, but behind it are some cogent facts. It is the simple truth that at the one period when Low German motifs heavily affected our art, viz., from about 1560 to 1620, they had effects almost wholly bad.

Not only was the good influence of French thought on our architecture fundamental and diverse, but it was very early in its impact. We need look for it no further than to such characteristic English monuments as Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. When Edward the Confessor began his abbey church of St. Peter at Westminster about 1055, it is reasonably certain that his master mason turned for inspiration to Jumièges, a church founded about fifteen years earlier. William of Malmesbury describes it as of a "new kind" and "the first in England erected in the fashion which now all follow at great expense." Both in planning and structural treatment it presented many features novel in England, but the destruction by Henry III of all of Edward's church except some fragments makes its details rather conjectural. What remains certain is that it was after a French pattern. When we come to the rebuilding

in the middle of the thirteenth century there is no room for doubt, because Henry III's supreme structure remains. As Professor Lethaby has pointed out in his luminous study of the Abbey, Westminster is essentially a Coronation church, and this was a new thing in England. "Up to about the year 1200 our early Gothic work developed along with the art of Normandy and of the French kingdom. After this time there was a serious set-back to the progress of building in England caused by the general political and social ills of the time. . . . Our church of Westminster clearly shows a return to continental influence and even more a study of particular French models." The partial destruction by the Germans of Reims Cathedral struck a blow at the heart of architectural beauty, but to us it was something more: it was the ravishing of that fair church whose choir was consecrated four years before Westminster was begun. It was to Reims, even more than to Amiens and the Sainte-Chapelle, that Henry III's master mason must have gone for ideas. Not only in the disposition of the ritual choir, the planning of the radiating chapels, the placing of the buttresses, and the general design of the windows, but in such smaller details as the composition of the pillars with their shafts and in the very mouldings of the bases the influence of France is written large on Westminster. But for restorations which were "muddling up so much copy of old work, so much conjecture and so much mere caprice," the evidence of this influence would be still more visible.

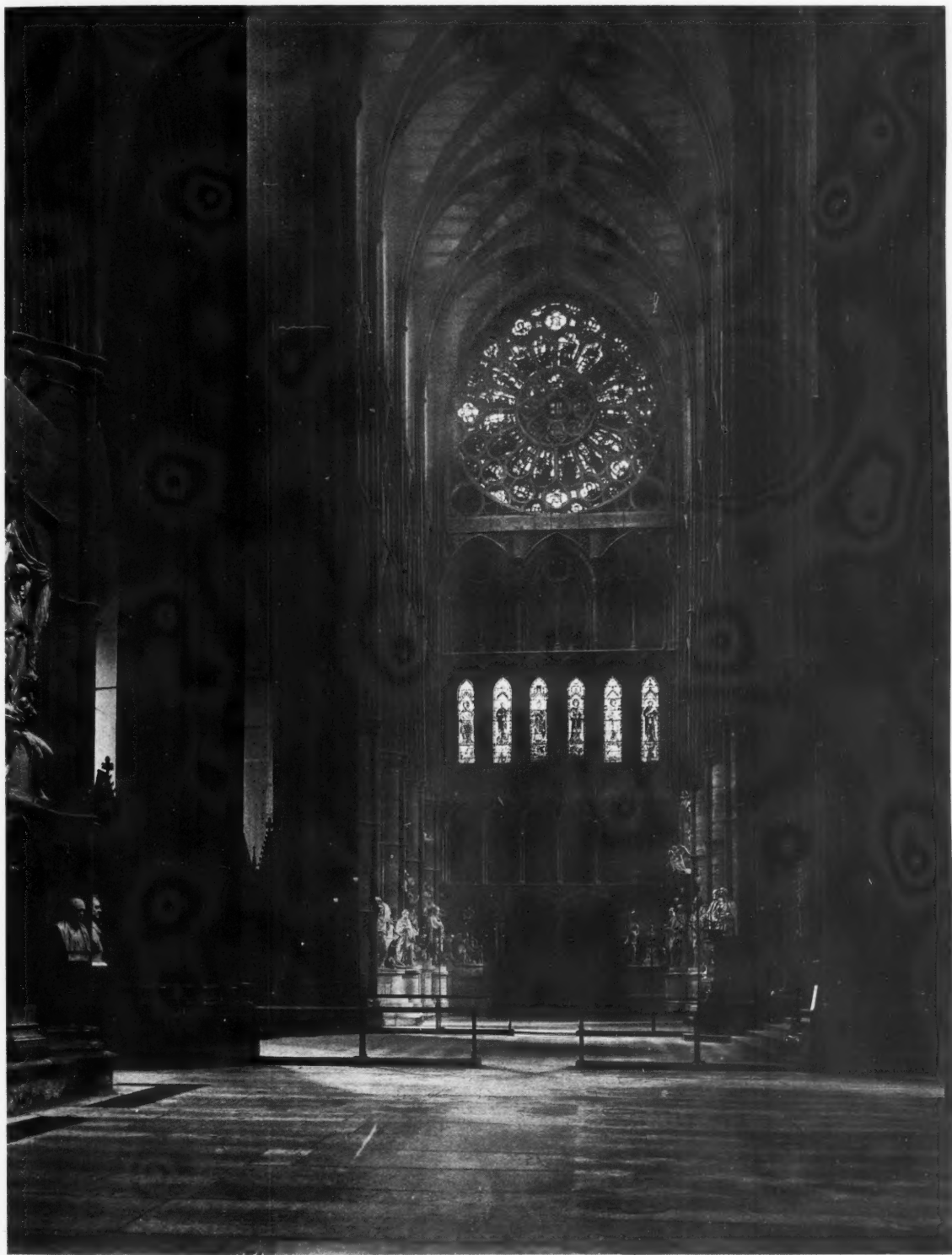
Nor did Henry III make any secret of his sympathies. There is an old French ballad which puts into the mouth of the English king: "Paris is a great town, and in it is a Chapel which I would like to carry off to London in a cart *tout droit*." Matthew Paris says of the Sainte-Chapelle that it was incomparable, and what Matthew said all intelligent Englishmen thought. Yet, when all is said, Westminster remains an English jewel. France influenced it, but we made it, and made it English in its very bones, and our pride in our forefathers who built it is none the less because of our gratitude to the French who inspired it.

This is not the place to set out the old banal controversies about the nature of Gothic. American critics are very urgent in the belief that there is nothing truly Gothic save the buildings of the Ile de France. They deny the very name to anything which is not vaulted, and vaulted in a particular way. They deny the name of Gothic to that great English building which rests under the shadow of the Abbey—Westminster Hall. There at least is a building

which is the definite outcome of the English genius, and for us at least it is always a great Gothic monument.

When the great burst of artistic life of the thirteenth century developed into the gentler works of the fourteenth French influence became less obvious, but England felt its impact again when flamboyant elements appeared in some of our greater churches. When the great stirrings of humanism began to be felt in England the first touch of

effect these political divisions produced on English art? When the Torregianos and the Rovezzanos were replaced by clumsy craftsmen from Germany and the Low Countries, the whole current of our artistic growth was changed. In much of the Elizabethan work there is a Teutonic accent of coarseness and ignorance. Indeed, the detail of the second half of the sixteenth century is often tolerable only because the romance of history lights it up and the kindly



Frederick H. Evans.

WESTMINSTER: LOOKING TOWARDS THE NORTH TRANSEPT.

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The French influence on the design of this transept, with its rose window based on those of the Ile de France, was largely veiled at the meaningless "restoration" of 1884-92.

the Renaissance was given by Italian fingers in England, but by French hands in Scotland at Falkland and Stirling. Art was never so ill served by politics as when Henry VIII's break with the Catholic countries drove back to their homes the Latin artists who had touched English fabrics like Christchurch, otherwise wholly traditional, with the new detail in its most delicate Latin form. Who can estimate the

hand of Time softens its crudities. What, indeed, might not our English work of that time have become if it had been livened by the delicate fancy which the tradition of François Premier and Henri Deux would have given it? or if a public building equal to the Hôtel de Ville at Paris, by Boccador, had graced the London of Elizabeth's day? When the full tide of the Renaissance swept away the

fumbling effort to graft the new idea on to the old tradition Inigo Jones went to Italy and Palladio gave him his forms, but in his great plan of the Palace of Whitehall he was glad to get help from the logical scheme which Philibert de l'Orme had conceived for the Tuileries. French planning has always claimed a mastery, and does so unto this day. It was, however, on the greatest of English architects, Sir Christopher Wren, that France laid her greatest debt. Wren was never in Italy, but spent a vital six months in Paris in 1665, and the impression that French architecture made on him coloured his work for the next thirty years. A

hath purposely set it ill-favouredly, that he might show his Wit in struggling with an inconvenient Situation. . . . Mons. Abbé Charles introduc'd me to the Acquaintance of Bernini, who shewed me his Designs of the Louvre, and of the King's Statue. . . . The Palace of Versailles call'd me twice to view it; the Mixtures of Brick, Stone, blue Tile, and Gold make it look like a rich Livery: Not an Inch within but is crouded with little Curiosities of Ornaments: the Women, as they make here the Language and Fashions, and meddle with Politicks and Philosopohy, so they sway also in Architecture; Works of Filgrand, and little Knacks are in great Vogue; but Building certainly ought to have the Attribute of eternal, and therefore the only Thing uncapable of new Fashions. The masculine Furniture of Palais Mazarine pleas'd me much better, where is a great and noble Collection of



Frederick H. Evans.

IN THE AMBULATORY AT WESTMINSTER.

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"Our windows and the radiating chapels we may speak of as copies of those at Reims."—PROFESSOR LETHABY.

letter he wrote from Paris to a friend shows with what zest he applied himself to his studies, and the following extracts mark the range of his observation:

I have busied myself in surveying the most esteem'd Fabricks of Paris, & the Country round; the Louvre for a while was my daily Object, where no less than a thousand Hands are constantly employ'd in the Works; some in laying mighty Foundations, some in raising the Stories, Columns, Entablaments, &c., with vast Stones, by great and useful Engines; others in Carving, Inlaying of Marbles, Plaistering, Painting, Gilding, &c. Which altogether make a School of Architecture, the best probably, at this Day in Europe. The College of The four Nations is usually admir'd, but the Artist

antique Statues and Bustos. . . . After the incomparable Villas of Vaux and Maisons, I shall but name Ruel, Courances, Chilly, Esoane, St. Maur, St. Mande, Issy, Meudon, Rincy, Chantilly, Verneul, Lioncour, all which, & I might add many others, I have survey'd; and that I might not lose the Impressions of them, I shall bring you almost all France in Paper, which I found by some or other ready design'd to my hand, in which I have spent both Labour and some Money. Bernini's Design of the Louvre I would have given my skin for, but the old reserv'd Italian gave me but a few Minutes view; it was five little Designs in Paper, for which he have receiv'd as many thousand Pistoles; I had only Time to copy it in my Fancy and Memory; I shall be able by Discourse, and a Crayon, to give you a tolerable Account of it. I have purchas'd a great deal of *Taille-douce*, that

I might give our Country-men Examples of Ornaments and Grotesks, in which the Italians themselves confess the French to excel. I hope I shall give you a very good Account of all the best Artists of France; my Business now is to pry into Trades and Arts, I put myself into all Shapes to honour them; 'tis a Comedy to me, and tho' sometimes expenceful, I am loth yet to leave it. . . . My Lord Berkley returns to England at Christmass, when I propose to take the Opportunity of his Company, and by that Time, to perfect what I have on the Anvil; Observations on the present State of Architecture, Arts, and Manufactures in France.

We lost a fascinating story by Wren's absorption in his life work making impossible a book from his pen on French architecture.

The reference to the College of the Four Nations is illuminating. Mr. Richardson has pointed out that the Town Hall at Abingdon is almost a replica of one of the pavilions of the Institut, formerly the Collège des Quatre Nations. The architect of Abingdon is unknown, but the source of the design is clear. Le Vau designed the Institut, and his influence on Wren is apparent, and the like is true of Pierre Le Muet. The latter was architect to the French King, and his designs of doors and windows were added by Godfrey Richards to an edition of Palladio which he published in England two years before Wren went to Paris. It was dedicated to Colwal of the "Royal Society at Gresham College," with which Wren was intimately connected, and he doubtless knew and used the book. To Le Muet's designs Richards makes this significant reference: "which I thought good to present, they being well approved by all artists, both for their manner and Proportions . . . and out of him I have given the Proportion of Halls and Chambers, though a little differing from Palladio, because most agreeing to the present practice both in England and France."

Another French influence came from John Evelyn's translation of Fréart's "Parallels." A little later the use of Desgodetz's book confirmed the French influence in England, and Daniel Marot's designs were freely employed. These influences were not always to the benefit of Wren's work, and as he grew in artistic stature he absorbed them into his own most English manner until he had surpassed in achievement all the great Frenchmen save only François Mansart.

It is worth noting that England made some return to France in the way of practical and decorative details. Dr.

Martin Lister in the diary of his "Journey to Paris in 1698," records of his visit to De Lorge: "We had the good fortune here to find the Marshal himself walking in his garden. . . . He shewed us his great sash windows; how easily they might be lifted up and down and stood at any height, which contrivance he said he had out of England, by a small model brought on purpose from thence, there being nothing of this Poise in windows in France before. He also had us into a set of small closets or rooms, after the English fashion, very prettily furnished, neatly kept and retired, with his English keys to them, as he told us; . . ."

With Wren's retirement from practice there came a reaction from Gallic influence back to the purer Palladianism of Inigo Jones, under the guidance of Burlington and Kent, but the French Regency and the writings of Jacques François Blondel, together with the influence of Neufforge and Gabriel, left a deep mark on our decorations and furniture, only to be put into the shade again by Robert Adam's Italian affinities. Sir William Chambers, for example, made a special journey to Paris to see the buildings in the Place Louis Quinze, and copied the round-headed doors at Somerset House from Antoine's Bank of France.

When all eyes were turned to France by the Revolution and its sequels, the pendulum swung again, and the Empire left its mark alike on our architecture and furniture, largely owing to the publication of Percier and Fontaine's designs and Kraft's drawings of the best houses in Paris. Our classical architects of the early nineteenth century were affected greatly by the Grand Manner of France, but Sir Charles Barry, with his Italian sympathies, the enthusiasts of the Gothic revival and the later "Queen Anne" experiments, drove out the French spirit until its renewing at the beginning of this century. America first and England later have recognised the vitality and power of l'Ecole des Beaux Arts, and we are now in the midst of another French cycle which is producing work of considerable importance. Without the pedantry of borrowing foreign details, we are learning an infinite amount from the logic and scholarship of modern French architecture, and thus cementing the alliance in the region of art and thought which we may hope will be as constant as our unity in national aims and—when the longed for day comes—in victory. LAWRENCE WEAVER.

HOW THE WAR HAS CHANGED THE ENGLISHMAN

BY HENRY D. DAVRAY.

IT is an undeniable fact that the war has furnished and continues to form the most terrible set back ever experienced by humanity. When sufficient time has elapsed to allow us to appraise the actual events, comparisons will be more easily made, and the upheavals of the French Revolution or the Napoleonic wars will appear relatively as mere local shocks. To-day the conflict loosed by the madness of Germany is shaking the world—from Japan to Canada, from Australasia to South Africa, from Persia to Morocco, from Algiers to the Congo—every continent is taking part and every ocean is a participator in the war. Every nation is feeling the effects, even those which, by dexterity or lack of principle, have maintained their neutrality. The reverberations of the conflict are like waves pursuing and overtaking one another, eventually to shatter their crests against the cliffs. In delirious pride the Prussian military clique did not doubt that by troubling the calm waters of the lake of civilisation she would arouse avenging storms, but in her insane aberration she forgot that there is no water so stagnant but that the smallest pebble will agitate it in an infinity of ripples to the ultimate marge. Everything is at stake now. The very foundations and supports of the social edifice are threatened by German theories that treaties are mere "scraps of paper," that necessity knows no law, that might is right.

Since the dawn of time when the first candles of human intelligence were lit all that was best and highest in man has tended inevitably to resist the savagery of the primitive brute. From the remotest antiquity up to the present day, in every country and under every phase of civilisation the laws elaborated by the mightiest rulers and reinforced by the nations themselves have had for object the overcoming of the right of mere force, and the substitution of respect for conventions and the upholding

of honour and justice. That is why there is a penal code. That is why there are prisons for the detention of malefactors and assassins, for the protection of the honest portion of the community.

In the society of the nations, Germany has chosen to play the rôle of assassin and pirate. The Allies have shouldered the task of punishing the crime and preventing its recurrence. As for the attitude of the neutrals—let them be their own judges. When the United Kingdom declared war on the German Empire which had so monstrously outraged Belgium, the French accredited England with this noble preoccupation on behalf of honour and justice—not only the English, but the citizens of Great Britain, of the British Empire—Canadian, Australian, New Zealander, South African—whichever they might be.

Immediately the contrast between the English and the French conception of participation in the war became marked. Here, in France, where compulsory military service is regarded by the whole nation as a simple duty, intelligible, just and unavoidable, every man has gone out with the same spirit, solemn and resolved, to defend the sacred soil of the Motherland against a felonious invader. *La Patrie*—that is a word that you English have not: *la Patrie*—with a capital letter and yet of feminine gender; which in the French mind evokes the ideal figure of mother, of wife, of sister, of daughter, of those for whom we feel with all the forces of our being the most ardent and reverent love in all the noblest forms that love can take of passion, tenderness and faith, of adoration and sacrifice. One may ask anything of the son of France in the name of *la Patrie*. Our great and tender Verlaine says this in words that are in themselves a caress:

L'amour de la Patrie est le premier amour
Et le dernier amour . . .

To the Englishman it has been necessary to appeal in another language. The unanimous accord of the nation has been gained with the words "honour" and "justice." When the rights of Belgium had been so abominably trodden underfoot the entire English race took this attack upon a feeble country which she had promised to defend as a personal outrage. England might have remained blind and deaf to her own interests had it only been a question of participating in the war, but from the moment that the question of honour arose there was no more hesitation, and she took up arms straightway as the champion of justice. That she did so will be one of her most beautiful titles to glory—one of the most glorious pages in the history of the British Empire.

And if, for the sake of convenience, I speak of "England," it must never be forgotten that it is the whole of the British Empire that has pitted itself against German treachery. The Dominions did not even wait for the call of the Motherland to offer their generous help in this most gigantic strife—to maintain the reputation of the Anglo-Saxon race above the reach of opprobrium. "Dieu et mon Droit" is the proud motto on the English scutcheon. "Honi soit qui mal y pense." And who in time to come shall dare to speak of "Perfidious Albion"? Rather it is now against "loyal England" that the rage of Germany—perfidious and false indeed—is loosened without measure.

For a long time the Englishman clung to this idea—that he was fighting for honour only. And for that idea he consented beforehand to any and every sacrifice. Only with the greatest difficulty did the intensity of Boche hatred at last succeed in making him grasp the fact that the strife was not so disinterested as he thought; that the issue at stake was his own very existence. The bombardments of the coast, the Zeppelin and aeroplane raids, the threats against Egypt showed clearly at last that the object of Germany was to reach the British Isles and to shake the very edifice of the State.

The Dominions were clearer sighted than the Motherland. From the outset they realised that German covetousness lay in wait for them, and it was to consolidate a threatened Empire that they gave their aid. The overseas Englishman has ceased to be insular. He knows that the silver streak of sea that surrounds the United Kingdom is but an illusory protection against the terrible weapons that modern science has placed in the hands of the assassins. But before laughing at or deriding this obsolete notion of security it must be remembered that since the Middle Ages England has never had to defend her territory against invasion, and that such military traditions as she possesses are based chiefly on Continental and Colonial expeditions carried out by a handful of troops or improvised armies.

When the English had realised by a slow process the vital importance of the German menace we saw them make a firm resolution to adapt themselves to the unforeseen conditions which confronted them. In no country in the world can history offer a similar example of transformation—not only rapid but radical—not only of opinion but of very custom. One by one the Englishman has renounced his habits, his prejudices, his dearest principles, his methods of thinking and doing. In the course of a few months he has shaken off the mental attitude from which it has taken other nations scores of years to free themselves.

Certainly, if one considers the imperative necessities of the war one sees the tragic urgency of hitting quickly and hard, not only for the sake of holding the enemy who has already advanced so far beyond his frontiers, but for driving him out of the countries he has invaded and for giving that knock-out blow which alone can end his military madness. And, from this point of view, the military participation of England may appear slow to those impatient people who only see the superficial aspect of things. But it would be a supreme injustice to pass such a judgment. The evolution of England since the beginning of the war stands out now as a thing unique. Though invincible Britannia still holds

firm the trident of Neptune which the German pirate dare not defy; John Bull has discarded his top-boots and his whip, his tail coat and his flat hat for khaki, and hurried to man the trenches. And this is not the greatest of his transformations, albeit the most obvious. Incredible fact though it may seem, the English have accepted—What do I say?—have *demandé*—what Alfred de Vigny called "*grandeur et servitude militaire*"; the obligation for every man to take up arms for the defence of the Empire.

For many years past people have been calling "Wake up, John Bull." He is awake now. He has shaken off his apathy and his torpor; and if there is every reason to admire the revelation of the French Republic face to face with the enemy, one must also recognise with just wonder that the English of the United Kingdom, together with those from the farthest Dominions, have known how to make their deepest sacrifice to the sacred cause of humanity and of civilisation.

IN THE GARDEN

SPRING FLOWERS IN A SURREY GARDEN.

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

WHEN planning a garden for spring flowers it is extremely desirable that it should be somewhere apart; in some place on the outskirts of the general garden, such as need not necessarily be visited in the summer months. Though all the early flowers—Primroses, Daffodils, Tulips, Forget-me-nots and their contemporaries—are delightful things in themselves when temporarily planted, to give way later to summer flowers, yet they are very much better if they can be happily put together in a larger way and if they can have the great advantage of being accompanied by permanent plants of large, or at any rate distinct



THE NUT WALK BORDER OF PRIMROSES AND FORGET-ME-NOTS.

foliage. It has so been arranged in this Surrey garden. There was a sheltered place, bounded on one side by a high wall with a continuing tall Yew hedge, on two others by lower walls heightened by an outside planting of shrubs, and on the fourth by the return of the Yew hedge and a group of well grown Hollies. Some Oak trees and a little grassy space are included towards the northern side, and where the Oaks end some tall Cobnuts continue the shade of the Oaks to the tiny lawn, leaving outer spaces on three sides for planting. Of these the widest comes by the high wall, and here is the longest and widest border; the opposite border at the foot of the Nuts is narrower.

It is all arranged pleasantly for colour with a considerable groundwork of a fairly solid character. Clumps of *Veratrum nigrum*, with its handsome plaited leaves, are towards the back, followed by Sweet Cicely, with large Fern-like leaves and umbels of white bloom, and clumps of the large Irish Solomon's Seal. There are also important drifts of *Heuchera Richardsonii*, with leaves red tinted, and of the purple-leaved Sage. It has been found that on a good use of these groundwork plants much of the success of the border depends. At the far end, beyond a cross walk that cuts through near the end of the border and passes by a hunting gate through the Yew hedge to regions beyond, the quiet reddish background is continued by some low bushes of the red-tinted Maples. From the point of view of the picture of the main border the colouring begins with pale yellow and white—Daffodils, Primroses, palest Wallflowers and sulphur Crown Imperials, with the pale yellow *Tulipa retroflexa* giving place in point of time to the good Tulip White Swan. These have a groundwork of *Myosotis dissitiflora* and double *Arabis*, passing to *Aubrietia* as the colour changes to purple with the accompanying drifts of purple Sage. Here are light and dark purple Tulips and purple Wallflowers, backed by a fine dark-coloured *Honesty*. After this come deep yellow Tulips, passing to those of deep orange, flame and scarlet colourings, with orange red and red brown Wallflowers—all grounded with the reddish-leaved *Heuchera*. At the far end, bushes of *Berberis Darwinii* continue the orange and red colouring with those fine late Tulips the scarlet *Gesneriana* and the deep orange flame



THE MAIN BORDERS OF THE SPRING GARDEN.



THE SOUTHERN END OF THE PRIMROSE GARDEN.



A GOOD WHITE PRIMROSE FOR MASSING.

Gesneriana aurantiaca. Lower growing plants in the front are also accompanied by the dark foliage of the claret-leaved *Ajuga*, a good setting to the rich purple of *Viola gracilis*. Anyone who cares to test the value of the liberal accompaniment of these groundwork plants of quiet, warm tones will see how greatly they enhance, not only the colouring of the flowers immediately near them, but how much they add to the general splendour, and, one may say, the dignified aspect of the whole planting.

The path that cuts across the border near the end traverses a quiet place given to *Kalmias* and also passes across the middle of a fully covered pergola, and then reaches the Nut walk. A double row of Cob nuts on each side of the path arch and meet overhead. In middle and late summer it is a pleasant shady way.

In March the narrow border on the left is filled with the bloom of Lent Hellebores; the right-hand border has white and yellow Primroses and pale blue *Myosotis* for May; later, as the shade deepens, both sides have *Columbines* and some of the taller *Campanulas*.

A fine strain of white and yellow Bunch Primroses is grown, also in a special place, chosen for them because of the shade of some Oaks; and, as in the near woodlands those with Oaks at intervals and Hazels between seem to be the chosen

home of Primroses some Nut trees were planted between the Oaks. The strain is a late one, for though they were fairly forward when the photographs were taken on May 5th, they were not at their best till just a week later. Though they are of no other colours but white and yellow, they show considerable variety of form, marking, habit and general aspect. Many have the individual flowers over 2in. wide.

One kind, with white flowers of moderate size, but free blooming and of good habit, was selected and increased, and proves a useful spring flower for massing in quantity.

HOW TO PRUNE WISTARIA.

SIR,—I should be very glad if anybody would tell me how to prune a *Wistaria* to obtain the result as photographed. The plants were growing on a Mayor's house in Brittany, and had no old wood at all except

the stems. The mass of blooms and the size of them were something beyond description.—MARY G. S. BEST.

[To obtain the best flowering effect a *Wistaria* should be closely pruned—treated, for instance, like an old Pear tree against a wall. Unless a new shoot is needed to lay in somewhere, every one should be cut back nearly up to the old wood. This will have the appearance of a well established Vine—clean, straight, vigorous canes of more or less girth according to age, set at intervals with great knuckles out of which will spring, in the first place, cascades of bloom, and then the young leaf shoots, which in due time will be removed like their predecessors, leaving merely the eyes, from which will come the following season's bloom and growth. There will thus be "no old wood at all except the stem," as our correspondent saw on the Mayor's house.—ED.]



WISTARIA ON A HOUSE IN BRITTANY.



A NEARER VIEW.

WOMEN OF THE BATTLEFIELD

BY S. MARGERY FRY.

FRANCE has cause to be proud of her women. They have given ungrudgingly in these two sad years their money, their work and their dear ones to her national cause. They have suffered, almost all of them, and suffered with courage, but the burden of the war has inevitably fallen far harder on some than on others. Worst of all is the lot of those who have remained in the *régions envahies*—cut off at once from country and family, captives in their own land. News of them gets through but rarely and with great difficulty. Sometimes, through the kind offices of a Swiss society, scanty information comes on a postcard—scanty, but infinitely precious. Of their actual indisputable physical hardships it is difficult to form an estimate. At the best, stories come of a life lived on bare necessities, in which the "American bread" plays a blessed part. Mentally and morally it is heart-breaking to think what they must be suffering, and the blackest rumours alternate with more reassuring stories in a way that is torture to their anxious, waiting relatives on this side the line.

Only less to be pitied are their sisters of the *régions dévastées*—the country over which the destructive tide of the German armies poured, but which was given back to France by the victory of the Marne. The memory of those dreadful days is very vivid in all the countryside. Almost everyone fled from the villages, and when they gradually struggled back again it was to find their homes ruined in varying degrees, from those which merely needed such a cleaning as even a French house never had before, to those which were pillaged of every movable thing, and from the pillaged to those of which no trace remained among the piles of surrounding ashes, so that sometimes a long search was necessary before even the site of the house could be recognised. This catastrophe fell cruelly hard on the women. The young ones hold up their heads bravely and say, "What do material losses matter so long as our men come back?" But the better one gets to know them, the clearer it becomes that all their pride and pleasure in life are gone; and, moreover, too often the greater sorrow is added to the less and news comes that their "little soldiers" will never come back again, for the regiments of the North-East of France have seen much of the fiercest fighting of the war.

Before its outbreak these villages must have been for the most part very prosperous little communities. French country life has many attractive features, and although now the peasants naturally feel that they never fully appreciated their happiness, yet there is a self-respecting content about the inhabitants of the French commune that sets the most casual visitor thinking—as does also the devoted attachment to their native place which drags the refugees back at the earliest possible moment to live even in the cellars of their ruined homes. One asks oneself rather uneasily whether the working people of an English village would not, after a similar catastrophe, have drifted into the towns and stayed there.

Perhaps the explanation lies partly in the local activities of the French community. On the Marne battlefield scattered farms are rare, the homesteads are gathered close into sociable little villages and each has a vigorous civic life of its own. "The smallest commune in France," a mayor will proudly tell you, "is governed just like Paris or Lyons"—and the very real importance of mayor and deputy-mayor, of secretary and municipal councillors, if it does not always add to the peace, greatly increases the interest and dignity of country life—the "cultivators" not only possess a very large amount of the land that they farm, but they manage their own affairs in a democratic way, in comparison with which an English parish is run on feudal lines. One catches sight here of a possible remedy for some of our English rural problems.

Thrift is at once the vice and the virtue of this peasantry so deeply rooted in its native soil. If the women have one universal extravagance it probably appeals to them as only another form of saving. One and all they worship linen and love to hoard it in the vast shining cupboards which give such a solemn state to their rooms. On this point the Frenchwoman, otherwise so sane, will admit that she has a *folie*. One woman collected everything in seventy-fives—seventy-five pairs of sheets, seventy-five pillowslips, seventy-five shirts for her husband, seventy-five chemises for

herself—"they looked so glorious folded on the cupboard shelves." She tried to defend the sheets at least on the ground that they were convenient in illness, and felt that the remark that no one could be so ill as to need 150 sheets showed a want of seriousness. Household wealth is often reckoned in pairs of sheets and *lits montés*. The *lit monté* is a more complicated affair than any English bed, with its pile of soft mattresses, its huge square pillows, its vast down quilt and its elaborate crochet trimmings. When the woman who has had "six *lits montés*—very rarely slept in"—to rejoice her heart, with a linen cupboard to match, finds herself reduced to sleeping, month after month, on a straw-filled sack on the floor, it is a bitter trial mental as well as physical; to the old and infirm it is the crown of misery. No gift is so much valued by these people who have borne the brunt of the invasion as beds or linen, though the little iron bedsteads with one mattress and cotton sheets which form the regulation present may seem a poor substitute for the "mounted bed" of happier days.

Next to her beds and her linen, the Marne housewife cherishes her poultry and her rabbits. If anything, the rabbits seem to hold the highest place in her affections. With good management she reckons to have a rabbit for Sunday dinner through all the autumn and winter. The Sunday delicacy has very little connection with the watery white dish of tasteless fibre which this suggests to the English mind. Cooked as she cooks it, with wonderful sauces compounded of many ingredients and rich with red wine, Madame need never apologise for her rabbit. But she works hard to ensure it. The gathering of green stuff for this diminutive "stock" is a serious occupation, and sometimes near a village the commune lets out the wayside grass in small patches to be cut and brought in by the women and children as rabbit food. (A pleasant extension of the same principle is seen in the custom of planting fruit trees along the high road. After deducting part of the crop for minor pilfering, it is still well worth while for the commune to hire out the trees to individuals for the year. The passing traveller ought almost to contribute to the rent for the pleasure he gets from the added beauty of the roads, to say nothing of the occasional venal theft of a ripe apple.)

Nowadays the wife of the farmer or cultivator (as the smaller peasant proprietors call themselves) must not limit herself to her house, her poultry and rabbit yard, nor even to her well-tilled garden. On her falls constantly the task of keeping the whole work of the land going, and gallantly she rises to the call. Under normal circumstances it would probably not even seem to her a very formidable undertaking, but with labour almost unobtainable, with horses and carts commandeered, and with agricultural machines smashed and burnt, it needs no little courage to tackle it. Sometimes—a minor compensation for being near the front—soldiers can be hired with military carts and horses, but this is always an uncertain supply; in the middle of carting hay the regiment may be moved on, or the soldier-labourer may prove lamentably ignorant of farming.

There is no doubt that more land—in some places a very great deal more—than usual lay fallow last year, but the amazing thing was that so much was cropped under the circumstances. As one watched a solitary and decrepit old woman working alone in a vast field of roots, one admitted that French courage was not limited by age or sex. Young girls who never had done such work before forestalled their English allies in field labour, and you may see women ploughing or driving a mower with only the slightest awkwardness to remind you that the job is new and heavy.

All this is done with a calm acceptance of the fact that it is their share—just as a woman whose house has been utterly destroyed by French guns will tell you: "There had to be victims; it had to be done to get out the *Bosches*." Perpetually one is struck by the sane philosophy which this homely race brings to bear upon its troubles. They think, and think shrewdly and well. They love an abstract proposition or a generalisation as the English countryman loves a proverb. In curious contradistinction to our idea of the typical French character they have a knack of dispassionate judgment even in matters which touch their feelings closely. In speaking of the war, these French women generally show that fairness which often seems to

characterise those who have seen the facts of war more than those at home who talk about it. They will tell you with bitter indignation some instance of atrocious German cruelty, and will then turn to add some story of decent or even kindly behaviour on the part of the Bosches, with a justice amazing after what they have suffered. Just so a Tommy will explain that the Saxons are a "fair treat and very good to us." Never once have I heard a woman of the battlefield express a wish that the German women should suffer what they have undergone. "What good would it do us," they say, with sad faces, "it would not give us back our homes." No; but it may be the proud privilege of a friendly nation to help restore these homes—humble nurseries of the character that makes France great.

TO—

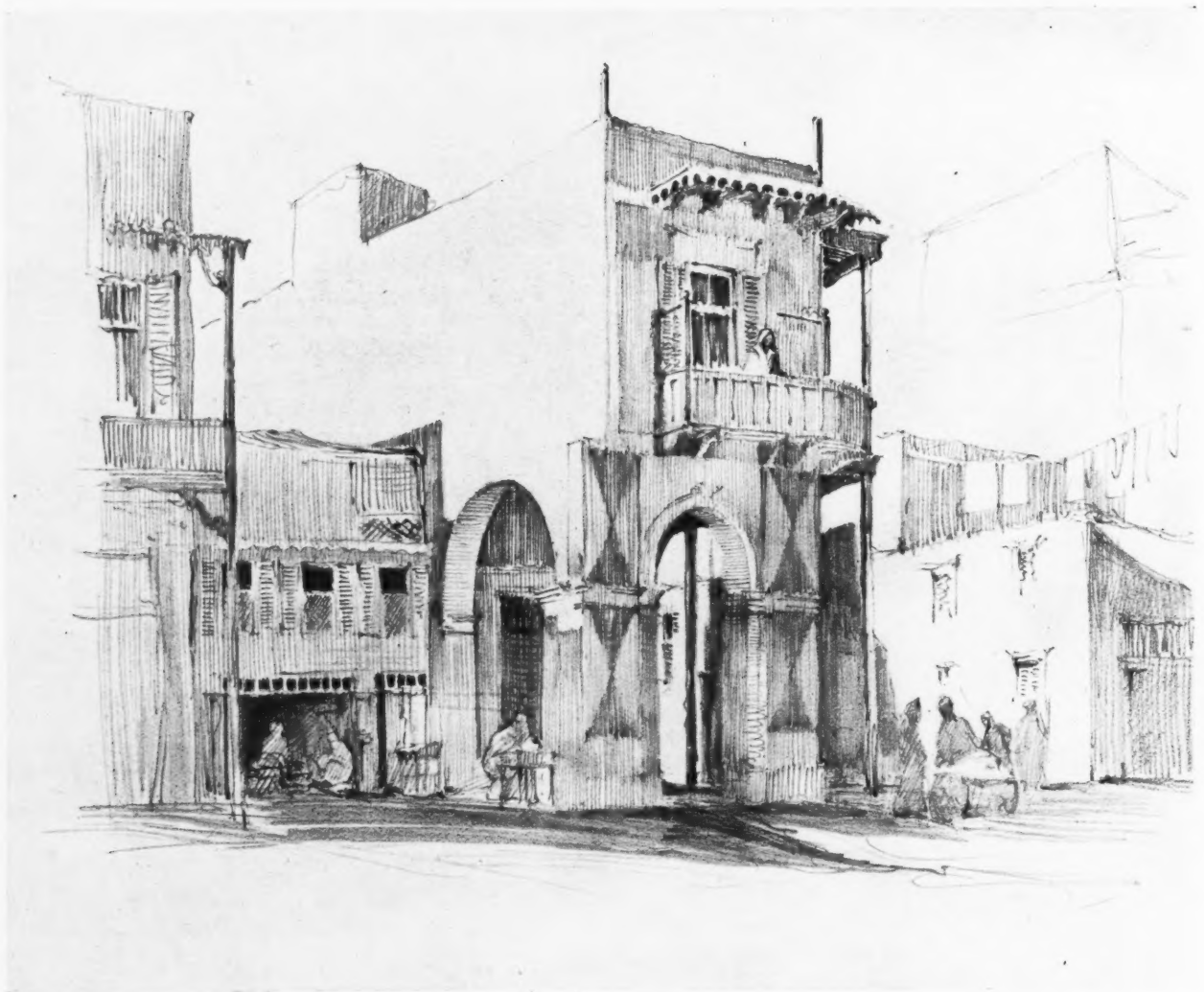
Your faith can pierce beyond our knowing,
Your eyes beyond our sight;
O watchman, is the dawn-line showing?—
What of the night, the night?

Our hope scarce lives from hour to hour,
Our dim eyes see no light;
O watchman, on your lofty tower,
What of the night, the night?

ISABEL BUTCHART.

THE SOLDIER IN EGYPT

By STEPHEN GRAHAM.



PORT SAID. March 20th, 1916.

THE war has made us travel. It has sent our stay-at-home farm labourers and working men to Flanders, France, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Greece, Serbia, and it was not written in their nativity that they should go. They were not all born on Thursdays. This generation had no more notion of the catastrophe and glory coming across its destiny than had those French aristocrats for whom Cagliostro at the beginning of Dumas's "Diamond Necklace" prophesied that none should die in his bed save the host. Last month at Glastonbury, in the course of conversation, a labourer remarked, "Some of ours are shut up in Kut, Somersetshire Territorials, they never were out of England before, some of them never out of Somerset, and they went straight from this country to the banks of the Tigris." A great eruption in the world of men that can throw bits of quiet Somerset to the marshes and deserts of

Mesopotamia! St. Thomas's Hospital had, or had until recently, several soldiers who had lost their toes from frost-bite in the mountains of southern Serbia; Netley Hospital is half filled with men badly wounded at Gallipoli, and has not a few who have been in Alexandria and Cairo. The hospitals in Egypt itself are full of our dear Cockneys and Lancashire and Yorkshire men, Scots and what not, with familiar faces and familiar accents. When the war is over and the men come back, many will have a great tale of travel, and the womenkind to whom they tell their tales will feel very stay-at-home, and sigh at the thought of the distance away of the places where their loved ones have been. Richer men and women who have made expensive tours guided by Cook, will be interrupted by coachman or butler with an, "I, sir, have been there too." What tales they will tell twenty years hence! I remember one day when I was

tramping across Pennsylvania I put up at a house where lived an old British soldier, and he told me the most thrilling and impossible yarns of marching through the jungles of Burma—"but the worst of it all was them *boa constructors*."

Egypt throughout the war has been a great camping ground—the most convenient place for a great reserve of troops ready for any conjuncture in Africa or on the shores of the Mediterranean. As the boats for India go down the Suez Canal they see their preservers on sentry duty at continuous sandbag forts or outside the yellow army tents. But that is only the fringe of the army of Egypt. Egypt teems with British soldiers. There are great camps in the desert, and hotels full, barracks full, town halls full in the cities. Last year there was a sprinkling of civilian tourists; this year, owing to the military passport regulations, most of them have been eliminated, and khaki more than ever predominates. The Arabs at the Pyramids have a much harder time fleeing the Tommies than they did getting sovereigns from Americans in time past. Egypt belongs to the soldier, Egypt and all its sights.

The blaze of the sun, the never ceasing wind blowing hotly over the desert, the glare off the sand to the eyes, the little asses and mules with Arabs



MY TENT—EL KANTARAH. Feb. 29th, 1916.

dangling on them, the camels, the caravans with the merchandise of the desert, the Bedouins in their rags, the Nile with its feluccas and houseboats, with the fringes of green on its banks and the palm trees, the cool Nile of the night with plashing water below and faint stars above, the mighty bridges over it, the ruined temples under its waves where stood Thebes, the cataracts, the mysterious South whence the river issues. All is the inheritance of the British soldier in 1916. Not that many British soldiers rejoice in these things. Their minds are taken up by many discomforts, the great heat, the rigorous service, the mosquitoes, the fever. For many the wonder of Egypt must have merely a pathetic interest by the way. One needs a certain amount of protection and luxury to take due aesthetic delight and cultural interest in these things. The unwrapped mummy of the Pharaoh of the plagues is exposed in Cairo museum and can be seen face to face, yet not one in a hundred of the troops in the great city will see it.

There is a readier appreciation of the material pleasures afforded by cities such as Cairo and Alexandria, and there, no doubt, the soldier has many impressions—the bazar, the huge vegetable and fruit markets thronged by swarthy Arabs and veiled women, the narrow streets where the many storied houses lean towards one another in their upper parts,



PORT SAID. March 24th, 1916.



THE BAZAAR, CAIRO. March 6th, 1916.

the screens and canvas awnings hung out to keep the sun off the perishable goods of the market—roofs of the alleys—the Eastern coffee houses with tables and chairs for the more polite and squatting places for the old fashioned, the fez-ironing shops, copper shops, silks and carpet shops, the taverns, the dance halls, the gambling dens.

The open air life in the desert seems to suit our men; they do not succumb to the heat and become listless, but seem to gather energy throughout the day. Their duties and the active part of their military occupation are accomplished in the earliest portion of the morning, before and at the dawning, before the enemy has raised his fiery lion's head over the Eastern sands—and the Egyptian day is a long one. At eight in the morning in the cool hotels of Cairo you see many officers who have been in the desert outside the city for some hours before breakfast. The news of the day comes fluttering in French and English Egyptian sheets and is sparse, rumours being rank and plentiful—no place like Egypt for wild war gossip. The news given out is so little that there seems to be room for credence given even to the most unlikely stories. Not that anyone is depressed even by outrageous scandal. There is an overflowing optimism on the subject of the general future of the war. The Australians place no bounds to their personal confidence.

The Anzacs go through the Egyptian streets as masters go. The Arab is lower caste and he knows it. The Arab



EL KANTARAH. Sunday, Feb. 27th, 1916.

must serve, fetch and carry, and do this and do that, and not ask much money, and start no nonsense. Otherwise he will have his nose pulled. The Arab is an unpleasant parasitical type, inspiring the ordinary Western civilian with a certain amount of awe and reserved fear, but the mirthful Tommy quickly sizes him up, puts him in his place and teaches him a lesson. Good for the Arabs and, in the long run, for our authority in Egypt.

The Arab, however, is not reduced to meek subservience by the soldiers. He is ever inventive of new dodges, and the life of the soldier in the narrow streets of the cities is a series of humorous adventures.

He obtains real and lasting impressions of Egypt and its people, and will carry them to England and remember them to grey hairs. As nowadays you will occasionally meet a man who will tell you he was in Cairo in 1887, so in years to come men will say, "In 1916 I was in Egypt," and go on to tell tales which will have grown somewhat through the years. Sketch books will be produced where men could draw—and in this war there has been perhaps more sketching by soldiers than in any other in history—scarabs will be shown, earthenware gods, bits of King Cheops' pyramid, praying mats and postcards galore. Egypt will have become one of the most real, if most fantastic, places in the world, instead of a vagueness of a memory of a lesson in geography or a page with a map.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

Alfred Russel Wallace: *Letters and Reminiscences*, by James Marchant. In two volumes. (Cassell.)

THERE is too much Darwin in this life of Wallace. Mr. James Marchant, instead of concentrating his attention on an endeavour to give the life of Wallace as an organic independency, has, wherever it is possible, interwoven his biography with that of Darwin. But the two men, in point of fact, stand in very strong contrast. Darwin was not a man of poetic imagination, but he had the faculty of concentrating his mind upon the accomplishment of one object at a time. You see in his letters that he is always working towards a definite end, and generally achieves it. When all these ends are brought together they form what may be comprehensively named the Darwinian philosophy. Wallace, on the other hand, was nothing if not discursive. His intellect wandered over wide areas and lacked the power of concentrating for any great length of time on one subject.

The present writer, fortunately or unfortunately, had not the pleasure of meeting Wallace until he was greatly

advanced in years, but found him an almost perfect type of old age. To say that he was courteous would be misleading. He had a heart of the very greatest kindness and was naturally considerate to all with whom he came in contact, and this was the foundation of the very finest courtesy. But it was not a courtesy such as is generally meant by the use of the word in society. He was naturally cheerful and jocular, although it must be said that he was not a wit or a humourist in the ordinary sense of the word. He had a breezy outlook on life even in those late days, and spoke freely as though he were looking forward to results which could not be obtained for from ten years to a quarter of a century. There was none of that complainingness and anticipation of early demise in which some old men take a pleasure. In a way Wallace had more genius than Darwin—at least he had if genius be defined as inspiration. Darwin approached a subject laboriously, building up word upon word and prospect upon prospect till he had reared a great edifice; but even then he was reluctant to generalise. Wallace, on the other hand, had a gift of insight, a swift intuition, as one may say, and

jumped, perhaps a little too readily, at conclusions. His discovery of the theory of the descent of man bore more resemblance to the divination of the Latin poet Lucretius than to anything in modern history. His life makes very interesting reading. By birth he belonged to that cluster of stars which came into existence between 1807 and 1825, among them being Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Joseph Hooker, T. H. Huxley, Herbert Spencer, John Tyndall, Charles Darwin and Louis Agassiz. Greatness was not confined to scientific men. In fact, the period has been frequently used to illustrate the theory that a great war is very often followed by a more than usually powerful generation of men. In other departments of life we have such giants as Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, Gladstone and Browning. Even in practical applied science it should be remembered that this was a very energetic era. To it can be traced the railway, the steamship and the telegraph. Wallace's grandfather was a worthy innkeeper of Hanworth in Middlesex, and his father was articled to a solicitor in London and eventually became attorney-at-law. From him he acquired his literary tastes, just as those of Charles Darwin are traced to Erasmus Darwin. There is not much in his boyhood requiring notice in this limited space, and we must refer our readers to those early travels which did so much to develop his taste for scientific research. The first volume of Mr. Marchant's biography is very largely occupied with the Darwin-Wallace correspondence. In the second one we have more of his correspondence with other of the scientists of the time and two delightful chapters, one on his home life and the other on his social and political views. His home life, as might be expected, was very pleasant. He kept his activity until the very last, and even when ninety years of age he would jump on a chair or sofa to reach down a book, and moved about with rapid strides. During the eighties he resided at Godalming and, judging by his books, his mind was largely occupied with literary themes, as in 1882 he wrote a volume on "Land Nationalisation" and in 1885 another on "Bad Times." His hobbies were very largely the planning and construction of houses, gardens, walls, paths, rockeries and so on. The letters dealing with this chapter in his life are as agreeable as anything in the book. His social and political views were a surprise to those who came upon them suddenly. For, to be perfectly frank, Mr. Wallace was one of those who did not only believe the impossible, but *credo quia incredibile*. This tendency led him into generalisation regarding the psychical, which cast a slur upon his judgment. It was anything but a pleasure to those who revered the great man of science to find that he was quoted as a support and an authority by the cranks and so-called adepts of the new spiritualism. Mr. Marchant reproaches those who laid emphasis on his crotchets, and it is only fair to put the gist of his defence on record:

He paid no respect to time-honoured practices and opinions if he believed them to be false. Vaccination came under his searching criticism, and in the face of nearly the whole medical faculty he denounced it as quackery condemned by the very evidence used to defend it. He very carefully examined the claims of phrenology, which has been laughed out of court by scientific men, and he came to the conclusion that "in the present (twentieth) century phrenology will assuredly attain general acceptance. It will prove itself to be the true science of the mind. Its practical uses in education, in self-discipline, in the reformatory treatment of criminals, and in the remedial treatment of the insane, will gain it one of the highest places in the hierarchy of the sciences; and its persistent neglect and obloquy during the last sixty years of the nineteenth century will be referred to as an example of the almost incredible narrowness and prejudice which prevailed among men of science at the very time they were making such splendid advances in other fields of thought and discovery."

It is easy to understand how the enthusiastic old man could be induced to support views of this kind, but that he should do so was a disappointment to his scientific followers.

Letters from Flandérs, written by Second-Lieutenant A. D. Gillespie. (Smith, Elder, 5s.)

ALEXANDER DOUGLAS GILLESPIE, the son of Scotch parents, was educated at Winchester and New College, and was reading for the Bar when the war broke out. He was given a commission in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, went to the front in February, 1915, and fell leading a charge at La Bassée on September 25th. These are the letters he wrote to his parents—his only brother, who had been with him at Winchester and Oxford, had fallen near the same place on October 18th, 1914. Every letter proves that he possessed in an unusual degree all the qualities that most become a man—courage, honesty, love of home and country, love of nature and books, modesty and sobriety of judgment; of the affectations and fantasticalities which beset the clever undergraduate there is no trace. Now that he has fallen in the flower of his youth, those who loved him have done well to publish these letters. They speak for themselves and need no praise.

GENERAL TOWNSHEND'S ISLAND PRISON

GENERAL TOWNSHEND is not the first captive to be relegated by the Turks to the island prison of Prinkipo. Its very name—Island of Princes—tells of scions of the Imperial House banished for an ostensible *villegiatura* to this most beautiful spot, knowing well that they would never again traverse the short distance between themselves and Constantinople.

Penny steamers ply, or rather plied, between Prinkipo and the capital, leaving the smoke of the Golden Horn for the open waters of Marmora, little steamers, not unlike the *mouches* that run up and down the Seine between Paris and St. Cloud and other green suburbs, puff out from beneath the clouds of black smoke that veil the mosques and the Golden Horn, and, first coasting the sea-walls and gardens of the old Imperial Palace, draw gradually away from the port towards the open sea. Constantinople more than Venice, more than Naples, is a city of the water. Great arms of the sea run up into her vitals, no mere canals, but broad highways full of shipping; the Golden Horn, like a curved scimitar, has severed her in halves; the Bosphorus divides two continents and connects two seas. From no place is Constantinople more beautiful, more majestic than from a ship upon the Sea of Marmora.

An hour's steaming brings the chirket to the little archipelago of which Prinkipo is the principal island. Constantinople is still visible, but remote, and, on the other hand, the shore of Bythinia, with the white head of Olympus towering behind, is nearer and more distinct. The little group of islands is sheltered by the neighbouring shore, and the sea lies like a placid lake among the islands, and the porpoises follow the ship, turning great lazy wheels in the waveless water.

Villages on the islands come right down to the water's edge; little piers and landing places proclaiming them the constant resort of pleasure seekers. At Prinkipo itself there is a yacht club with terraces and airy rooms, and a number of villas, the summer homes of French and English colonists and of Levantines.

One cannot fail to be impressed by the difference of atmosphere between Prinkipo and Constantinople. Here one is no longer in Turkey. One sees few fezzes, hears Greek on every side; the contrast is as marked as that between Tangier and Gibraltar. It is hard to believe that the gleaming pile in the distance is really Constantinople. One is reminded of the Italian lakes, of Como, of Maggiore. The cabs are like Italian cabs; the little port might be the port of Capri, the little "place" a piazza at Sorrento. The untidy wooden houses so characteristic of Constantinople and the Bosphorus are lacking at Prinkipo to give the touch of Turkish poverty. The steeply rising shores, unlike the bleak hills which line the Dardanelles, are pleasantly wooded with pines, and the twin summits are surmounted one by an ugly red hotel, the other by a delightful Greek monastery. Good roads surround and intersect the whole island; the general impression is one of a well kept leisure-ground of European visitors. Here are no vast burnt-out spaces as in Constantinople; no ragged children flying kites; no rough Turkish gardens or latticed windows; no veiled women hurrying along the shady side of the street; no gaunt and wolf-like dogs lying in the sun on rubbish heaps at the street corners. Little Greek children clatter gaily in their wooden shoes. Only officialdom—at the pier and on the chirket—is Turkish and befezzed; but away from them, among the Greek speaking population, one forgets the Turkish rule.

From the heights a great panorama of sea, shore and islands stretches away on every side. The two continents mingle in a puzzling fashion. The long line of gullied, precipitous coast and the great snowy peak behind it is Asia; the gulf of Ismid running like a broad creek up into the land is Asiatic too. Just distinguishable is the terminus of the Baghdad railway, where the waiting trains bear the pompous legend "Constantinople—Baghdad." A blur in the distance is Marmora Island, where the coasts narrow together to form the entrance to the Dardanelles. Little islands, mere peaks, punctuate the sea: the island of Dogs, where so many of the pariah dogs of Constantinople perished miserably; Bulwer's Island, once the home of an eccentric English ambassador. Far below, Marmora slumbers, blue and peaceful, and the occasional splash of a porpoise riddles its monotony as the leap of a trout riddles the surface of an English lake.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

CORRESPONDENCE

RURAL SOCIETIES' FEDERATIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The suggestion made by Mr. Christopher Turnor in his letter in your issue of May 27th, claims careful consideration. He indicates that only two societies are wanted to look after the cottager—one dealing with the economic side, and another with the social side of his trouble. Mr. Turnor does not do justice to his own idea when he limits it to dealing with the needs of the cottager only. As a member of the executive of the Smallholders' Union, Limited, I see there is a very much wider field to be covered, and although I have not consulted my colleagues I am confident they would give very sympathetic consideration to any proposals that may be put forward. As a preliminary step, will not Mr. Turnor convene a meeting in London of societies likely to be interested, for the purpose of an exchange of views? I gather from his letter that he would be in favour of having only two societies which would absorb all the others. Were this carried out, there would be danger of losing a good deal of the voluntary work being done for the individual societies, as it might not be easy to find a place for all of it in two societies. As a first step, the formation of one society, with a department to deal with the economic side, and another department to deal with the social side of rural problems and to link up all the various societies, might be the easier line to work on. But this is a detail, and it is just such details which should be considered at a conference such as I suggest. I trust that Mr. Turnor will convene it.—MARK B. F. MAJOR.

AN OLD FRENCH ENGRAVING FOR A NURSERYMAN AT WEYBRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying illustration is a reproduction of an old engraving by F. Vivares, published in October, 1754, and now in possession of Mr. W. A. Bilney, Weybridge, who has kindly allowed me to reproduce it. Above the picture appears a brief note of explanation: "Knowledge and Labour (assisted by Four Elements) presenting the Gardener with A Cornucopia of Fruits which are ye product of ye Hotest Climates." The picture is used to advertise the nursery produce of one Henry Scott, gardener at Weybridge, and beneath the picture appears the following inscription, in



"YE PRODUCT OF YE HOTEST CLIMATES."

English on one side with a corresponding translation in French on the other side:

"Pine Apples, raised and sold by Henry Scott Gardener, at Weybridge, in Surrey.

"Where Persons may be supplied with ripe Fruit during their Season, and Plants of all Sizes, are Sold at the Lowest Price.

"And as the Chertsey Coach goes every day from thence to London, so ripe Fruit may be easily sent by that Conveyance and Plants may be safely sent by the Weybridge boats, to London, twice a Week."

The reference to the conveyance of plants to London by the Weybridge boats is interesting, particularly to those who know the lower reaches of the Thames to-day, and we can picture the boats in olden days being sailed or slowly towed on their journey to London. If the Chertsey coach were still running daily to town it might, with advantage, be used for the conveyance of ripe fruit.

"At the Same Place are Sold Garden-Tools, Seeds, Mats, Fruit Trees, Flowering-Shrubs, and Green House Plants.

"He also undertakes the Building of Green houses, Stoves, and Fire-Walls, and Performs any sort of Work in Gardens.

"Letters directed to him will be punctually answered, & upon notice he will attend on Gentlemen, either in Town or Country. He has cut ripe Pine Apples every Week for 15 Months Pass'd, & shall cut untill ye Latter end of Octor."

The open book on the left of the engraving is "Miller's Dictionary of Gardening."—H. C.

FOOLISH PHEASANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While quite agreeing with nearly the whole of the interesting letter from "H. L. R. K." in COUNTRY LIFE of April 15th, I am not quite so sure about what he has to say *re* "wild pheasants." My experience is that a real wild pheasant looks after her brood pretty well; then I quite admit that, as your correspondent says, what we call a wild pheasant is the most foolish and negligent of mothers. To my mind the average "wild pheasant" is a fool, because, owing to her own upbringing, her maternal instincts have not been properly developed, nor has she had due opportunities for accumulating knowledge of woodcraft and the winning of the wild. Let me try to make my meaning clear. Take a hen pheasant now in the laying pens. The probability is that she herself, very likely her forbears as well for the last two or three generations, was hand reared, hand fed, until caught up and put in the pens. She is not a "wild pheasant"; turn her out now into the coverts and she will certainly be, as "H. L. R. K." says, "one of the worst of mothers." She does not know anything; nor will a hen pheasant left out after last season's shooting do much better. But—so, at least, I have found—what I call a wild hen pheasant—a bird bred from generations of pheasants who have had to fend for themselves—will behave very differently. She knows what to do and how to do it, she will lead her brood out of mischief, fight for them if necessary, teach them what to eat and what to avoid, and be to them not one of the worst, but one of the best of mothers. I may add—again speaking merely of my own experience—that wild pheasants—real wild pheasants—are always more forward than hand-reared birds, besides being, to my mind, better fliers. The craze for huge "bags" has led to the continual hand rearing of pheasants, the crowding into a covert of far more birds than it would hold if the birds had to fend for themselves. To my mind this is a mistake from more than one point of view. I know of one shoot—it is a big one—on which very little hand rearing is done; but the shoot is so arranged that the coverts are shot in sections year by year, in such fashion that each section gets three years' rest before its turn comes round again. Here the pheasants are "wild pheasants," the shooting is first class, good birds and as many of them as any "sportsman" could wish to see put over the guns. It is needless to add that "war on vermin" is waged unceasingly. I venture to think that on estates where no rearing has been done since the outbreak of war, but on which the vermin has been properly kept down, it will be found that the real wild pheasant is not such a bad mother after all. I believe, too, that were more attention paid to the self rearing of pheasants, sport would be better, expense far less, than under the artificial conditions which prevail in most shoots. I may add that I quite admit that on comparatively small shoots artificial rearing is necessary if big bags are a *sine quâ non*.—REGENT.

LIVE STOCK AND YOUNG PLANTATIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose specimen of patriotic planting. The Scots Pine was mixed with Larch for shelter; the latter has so far suffered little damage; perhaps it is unappetising after three weeks' melancholy sojourn in a railway truck. I wonder if the writers of articles upon planting realise the difficulty of protecting young trees in remote waste places against rabbits, hares, sheep and deer? Where a very large acreage belongs to one wealthy owner, as in the case of the Manchester Waterworks estate at Thirlmere, it may be practicable and worth while to put up new wire fencing. In the case of small estates, it often happens that the dry stone walls bounding one intake may belong to three different owners. Each is nominally liable for repairing his portion. But an unnoticed fall on a wet night may ruin a new plantation by letting in the Herdwick sheep. I think my Scots Pine has been bitten off by rabbits and stray fallow deer. There may be surplus Government wire on sale cheap after the war, but I fear it will be barbed, which is objectionable in a sheep country on account of pulling out fleece and risk of hanging up. I read a letter in a recent issue with some surprise. Is not the object photographed by Mr. Le Bas a quern? I have one similar, cut from a 14in. block of red sandstone. The hole is 8in. deep, rather pointed at bottom, with the pounding of the pestle. It had been built into the wall of the farm garden, and if I am right it would not have been so very far out of its original use if holding pig meal. I have seen a stone coffin used for that purpose.—NORTH LANCs.

[The young plant of Scots Pine sent for examination had evidently been injured by rabbits or deer. As you suggest, these animals, also hares and sheep, cause a good deal of injury to young plantations when fences are not in a condition to exclude them, and most experienced planters now take care that the fences are in good condition before they plant and afterwards see that they are properly kept up. Where protection has to be provided against deer, sheep, hares and rabbits, it is necessary to have either good stone walls or wire fences. If the latter are used they should consist of about five strands of wire and the fences should be 3ft. to 4ft. high for sheep, and at least 5ft. high for deer. Then wire netting should be run along the bottom, buried at least 6in. in the ground and reaching to a height of 2ft. or 2½ft. above ground. This is an expensive work to begin with, but it keeps the young trees safe and it is better to plant and fence a small area than to plant a large area and leave it open.—Ed.]

A GREAT HOUND EXPERT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some years ago you published an illustrated article on the Blankney hounds. Lord Charles Bentinck told me then that he was anxious to bring back to Lincolnshire as much of the old Bentinck blood as possible. The other day a hound named Neutral found, hunted and killed a fox all by itself. The chase occupied an hour and twenty minutes. The time was taken by the huntsman at the beginning, and at the end by a farmer who witnessed the kill. The performance was a remarkable one, and although, of course

not unprecedented, it is very uncommon. But the interesting feature is the breeding of the hound. Neutral was by Belvoir Ragman—Blankney Negative. Ragman was inbred to Belvoir Rallywood. So was Negative, and she through her sire, Fitzhardinge's Nettler, goes back to Lord Henry Bentinck's Dorimont. This brought the Bentinck blood and quality into the Blankney kennel through the Fitzhardinge pack, bred exclusively for performances. Let us note that Negative's dam goes back also to Rallywood, so that this mating with Ragman gave back her best strain and at the same time blended with it working blood. Neutral was bred and entered by Sir Robert Filmer and Tom Isaac, neither of whom is with us now. Neutral was thus bred to be something better than usual. Lincolnshire has the whole credit of him. The three strains of Rallywood are Lincolnshire. Dorimont was bred and entered in the county. Neutral was worked by Mr. Clarke of Swallowbeck, Lincolnshire. I may also note that Neutral was the third prize puppy of his year 1911. It is to be hoped that he will not be spoilt by conceit. There are instances of hounds which have performed similar feats becoming so self-willed and conceited that they would not work with the others, but were always looking out for opportunities to repeat the performance. This story of Neutral disposes of a question sometimes asked, "Will a foxhound when alone tackle the fox?" Some will, some will not; but the majority prefer to wait for the pack.—X.

EXOTIC FUNGI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose for your consideration a photograph of some mushrooms found in the Belgian Congo. They are quite edible and good eating; the size can be easily imagined by realising that the one on the right is being carried by a full grown native man. It may be interesting to readers of COUNTRY LIFE.—MAETIA.



GIANT MUSHROOMS FROM THE BELGIAN CONGO.

A HOOPOE IN SURREY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On Wednesday, May 17th, I was sitting on my lawn about 5.30 with a relation, and a hoopoe came down close to us and began digging into the grass and feeding busily. He was in beautiful plumage with a fine crest. I have not seen the bird since. I have seen one before in Kent, but never here.—C. C., Capel, Surrey.

PATRIOTISM IN A WESSEX VILLAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—That there is a large number of people who have not yet grasped the fact that we are at war has degenerated into a truism, but in an out of the way corner of a western county patriotism, with a capital P, is very well understood. We were making a collection of comforts, and money to procure



QUITE AT HOME IN AN ENGLISH WOOD.

them, for the men of the Dorset Regiment, when one day we received a note from an old woman containing a tiny package and a strange request. She and her husband—hard-working folks living in a small, damp cottage—had, she told us, found it impossible to save anything to help our fund. But would we accept the enclosed and use it as we thought best for "the brave boys." There was only one stipulation enforced. Never, under any circumstances, were we to reveal the name of the donor. We opened the package, and there lay before us a circlet of gold, a symbol of the love which had illumined their youth in the rosy dawn of wedded existence, and which had

remained with them now, when the grey twilight was almost over and night was closing in—the wedding ring, which would have gone with her to her coffin and encircled her finger in her last long sleep. The pathos of it gave us pause, but we felt compelled to accept it, so sold it to a friend, who promptly gave it back to us, and it has now been restored to its original owner. Concealing the name, we later on alluded to this pathetic gift in a local newspaper by way of a timely hint to slackers, and on our next visit to the old couple we were received with reproaches. "Oh, why did ee do it? When I zeed it on the paper I wer that cross. As I zed to my husband, Lor there,

I could knock 'em I could." And a wrinkled old fist was shaken vigorously in our direction. "But," we expostulated, "we named no names." "No, I know you didden, but that wer my *just* thought. Then it zimmed t'y that yer mid have done it for zome good purpose, and then I felt better like. John, ee zed perhaps it mid make other people zend things to ee." "And so it did," we assured her. "We have already had one gift for sale and are promised more." The old woman smiled reluctantly. "But," she added, "we don't think we have done nuthin' cos we've a god back the ring, *do ee* take and zell it again." This was embarrassing, but we compromised by promising that if we became desperately hard up we would ask for the treasure, a contingency we knew was not likely to arise. In a neighbouring parish a friend who was collecting for our fund chanced to visit two old women living together whose old age pension formed their entire income. With no idea of soliciting a subscription, and merely to interest them, she told them a little about the fund and the purpose to which it was to be devoted, and the two old souls exchanged a look of mutual comprehension.

"We've a got a shillin', Mary, hav'nt we?" asked one. "Yes, for zure," returned the other. "No, no," exclaimed the visitor, "I couldn't think of taking your money, that wasn't at all what I meant." "We've got a shillin'," repeated the first speaker with an air of finality, "and we've got a roof over our heads, and we'll gladly gi' the money to the brave boys what keeps our home for us." They had got it, you see; they had *grasped* the inner significance of what the boys on land and sea are doing for us, and their patriotism, as is right and fitting it should, included self sacrifice.—G. V. C.

A SIMIAN GOURMET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed is a photograph of a Java monkey, who, as a substitute for his own native jungle, is very fond of our English woods, especially when the bluebells are in bloom, as the honeyed end of the flower is a favourite dessert with him. The photograph shows him in a wood at Eastham, on the River Mersey, where he is eating his fill of the sweet flowers.—R. M. WELLER.

WHERE DOES IT COME FROM?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I cannot myself answer Mr. K. Reeves-Smith's query, but it puts me in mind of a ditty children sang at dusk-time long, long ago which began—

Let me sing you a song—oh.
What is your song of—oh?
My song is a song of one—oh.

And then it went over much the same as in the manner shown. We did not deal with it as a "a counting out" rhyme, and knew it as "Lily-white boys in green O." I believe it had relation to pond-growing lilies among green leaves.—SENEX.

CHANTIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am glad to hear from "Sexagon's" letter that the "Whale" is still to the fore. It is a fine old sea song. I do not know "Bold Daniel" that he mentions, but I shall certainly keep it in mind should I come across it. As pointed out by F. M. Sturdee, sea chanties have often been set to music, but it is impossible to set them in the way in which they were sung by the old seamen, and so they lose their distinct character. Some of the old hunting songs are equally difficult to set to music.—D. WILSON BARKER.

TAKEN WITH THE DONKEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of Miss Marigold Forbes who is working in Lady Angela Forbes' British Soldiers' Buffet, taken with the donkey, which is the mascot of the buffet. I thought you might find it sufficiently interesting for publication.—M. MASTERS.



THE BUFFET PET.



NEW USE FOR A POCKET.

all a matter of air pressure. Inside the bottle this remains always about the same, because it is not brought into direct contact with the atmosphere. But the water in the jar is in direct contact with the atmosphere, so that when the pressure on the surface increases, the water must rise in the neck of the bottle, and *vice versa*; but in wet weather, when the pressure is lessened, it will fall.—O. H.

WISKIT, OR WISKET.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers are familiar with the article that seventy years ago was known to country folk as a wiskit. It was a garden utensil used for carrying plants or fruit, and even when well made and "binged" or soaked would hold water. They were made by gipsies and were all oval in shape. They had an ash plant frame, the bottom and sides being made of split small wood.—T. R.

A CURIOUS NESTING PLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR.] SIR,—I enclose herewith an extraordinary photograph of a blackbird's nest in the pocket of a labourer's coat hanging in a barn. We had to move the coat, of course, to photograph the contents of the pocket, but when it was replaced the bird returned to it quite unconcerned.—C. C.

WHAT MAKES THE WATER RISE IN THE BAROMETER.

[TO THE EDITOR.] SIR,—The working of the bottle and jar barometer is very simply explained. It is

THE "GREEN NOOKS OF THE CITY."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The article on the "Green Nooks of the City," by W. Whitten, and the beautiful photographs published in COUNTRY LIFE of May 27th are very

interesting, and I think we do not see nearly enough about these delightful old bits of London in the papers of to-day. I enclose you two photographs; one, of Staple Inn, which Dickens introduced into several of his books, notably "Edwin Drood," in which a house in the first square (opening out of Holborn) was chosen as the residence of Mr. Grewgious; the house has the initials "J. P. T." and the date 1747 on its doorway. Fountain Court is, of course, much altered since Dickens' day; but much of the surroundings are the same. The stately old houses still look down upon the quiet court and shady corners where Tom and Ruth Pinch used to meet in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Dickens wrote: "There are still worse places than the Temple on a sultry day, for basking in the sun, or resting idly in the shade. There is yet a drowsiness in its courts, and a dreamy dullness in its trees and gardens; those who pace its



IN STAPLE'S INN.



FOUNTAIN COURT.

lanes and squares may yet hear the echoes of their footsteps on the sounding stones, and read upon its gates, in passing from the Strand or Fleet Street, 'Who enters here leaves noise behind . . . there is still the splash of falling water in fair Fountain Court.'—MAUDE TEEVAN.

WANTED—A MASCOT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Being a regular reader of your paper, I see in the issue of May 20th a photograph of the regimental pet goat and kid of the 97th Field Company, Royal Engineers. As my troop of Scouts, which are very prominent in Liverpool, are exceedingly anxious to get a pet goat as a mascot, I am very keen on trying to find them one. I would be very greatly obliged if among your readers you know of any who have goats, you would kindly put me in touch with them, and I could write and see if I could possibly obtain one for the boys. Perhaps the sender of the photograph in question would help me. The boys would be delighted.—G. P. FORWOOD HEYN, Scoutmaster.